The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 103. Vol. XVIII. APRIL, 1900. Price Sixpence.

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* April *will be noticed in the* May *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th May *in the* June *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

We see the rumour revived that Lord Macaulay's executors are to publish his journals in full. Whether this be true or not we have no means of knowing. We hope, however, that it is true, and that a supplement to Sir George Trevelyan's admirable biography will be issued. It is not generally known that there exists some unpublished ballads by Lord Macaulay. Mr. J. J. Britton says that an old friend of his was once allowed to see them. He recited portions of them to Mr. Britton, who thought them very fine and stirring poems, and regretted that the public should be deprived of the pleasure of reading them. "The one on the battle of Bosworth Field especially took my fancy, but of this I can only quote the lines in which Richmond, rebuking his followers for indignities offered to the brave king and soldier lying dead, says:

'And, for that back at which ye flout,
It is a back I ween,
That Lancaster on foughten field
Till now had never seen;'

and the concluding lines of his spoken epitaph on his dead rival:

'For though he ruled as tyrants rule,
He died as soldiers die.'

We hope Lord Macaulay's executors will see their way to give these also to the public.

The news of the collapse of Messrs. Appleton and Co., the great New York firm of publishers, came as a shock to London. It was supposed that no firm was more stable than the Appletons, with their long and honourable history. The first intimation of their misfortune was a cablegram to their well-known and highly esteemed representative in this country. So little was anything of the kind thought of that Messrs. A. and P. Watt and Son had arranged for Messrs. Appleton publishing Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler's new novel. The event is all the more surprising as Messrs. Appleton must have made at least £40,000 during this year by the sale of "David Harum," a book which they acquired on moderate terms, and which has outsold every other.

It is hoped that the business will be reconstructed on a sound basis. The only sound basis will be one which will provide for the payments of all authors' accounts in full, as was the case in the Harper reconstruction. We assume that Messrs. Appleton will be reconstructed and will go on, but we have no hesitation in saying that, unless all their debts to authors are paid in full, their publishing business will be a thing of the past, at any rate so far as the work of British authors is concerned. Messrs. Harper and Brothers, Messrs. Appleton and Co.—who is to be the next?

We are glad to announce that Mr. Rider Haggard is to act in South Africa as correspondent for Messrs. Pearson's new paper, the *Daily Express.*

A new book by Mrs. Louise Jordan Milne, which will probably be entitled "Wooing and Marriage in Many Lands," will be published by Messrs. Pearson.

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, who has been living in Dresden for two years, has returned to England, and proposes to reside for the coming summer near Oxford. The stress and bustle of London make it, he finds after his absence, unaccommodating for literary work.

We understand that Miss Harraden is now in New York on her way home from California, and that she will sail for Liverpool early this month.

We are glad to hear that Sir Walter Besant is now in better health, and that he has returned to town from Torquay, where he has been staying for some little time.

Mr. William Le Queux will leave Italy early in April for Moscow, where he will commence his journey across Siberia and Manchuria as special correspondent of the *Daily Mail.* He will travel first by rail to Samara and thence by the new Trans-Siberian line *via* Petropavlovsk and Omsk to Tomsk to visit the great prison there. Thence he goes to Krasnoiarsk and Kansk to Irkoutsk. Crossing Lake Baikal by steamer he will drive in tarantass to Nerchinsk to see the penal mines, and afterwards visit the political prisoners at the renowned prison of Akatui, said to be one of the loneliest spots in the world. Kara, Algachi, and the other great convict centres are in his programme, and continuing his drive he hopes to reach Blagovestchensk, on the Amur, and then descend by boat to Khabarovsk, and by rail to Vladivostock. If, however, he cannot get to the latter place before the sea freezes in early October, he will have to go down through Manchuria to Port Arthur. His object is not so much to see the prisons—to do which he has an order by the Czar—as to study the conditions of life in Siberia and its probable development. He intends to publish a large illustrated book on his return.

Fiona Macleod's new book, which is to be published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall early this month, is entitled "The Divine Adventure: Studies in the Spiritual Histories of the Gael," and consists of "The Divine Adventure," a revised reprint of the articles from the *Fortnightly Review,* of a long and in a large measure reminiscent narrative essay on Iona, and of a series of more or less personal papers collectively entitled "By Sundown Shores."

The late Professor Garden Blaikie, of the New College, Edinburgh, has left behind him a volume of reminiscences which will probably be published this year.

Mr. W. Pett Ridge is leaving England on the P. and O. steamer *Himalaya* for a trip in Morocco.

Mr. Frederic Carrel, the author of that popular novel "The Progress of Pauline Kessler," which has just gone into a ninth edition, is putting the finishing touches to his new novel, which Mr. John Long will publish next September.

Mr. John Finnemore, the author of "The Red Men of the Dusk," has just completed a new romance entitled "The Lover Fugitives," the scene of which is laid towards the end of the seventeenth century after the Monmouth Rebellion.

Madame Sarah Grand's new novel is to appear in the *Lady's Realm*, and will be published by Messrs. Hutchinson. The original title chosen was "Petticoats," but we believe this has been altered.

We regret to hear that the wife of Mr. James B. Pinker, the popular literary agent, has recently sustained a serious accident in riding her horse near Worcester Park, and has fractured her right arm.

Mr. E. F. Knight, author of "Where Three Empires Meet," who lost his right arm in the battle of Belmont, has greatly improved in health, and will shortly recommence literary work. He speaks very highly of the hospital accommodation in South Africa, and declares that in no previous war have the wounded been so well looked after.

"The Collapse of the Penitent," a novel on which we long ago announced that Mr. Frederick Wedmore was working, has lately been completed, and is, we understand, on the point of publication by Messrs. Hutchinson and Co.

MR. WILLIAM ARCHER.

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's new novel, "Three Men on a Bummel," will be published towards the end of next month by Mr. Arrowsmith. Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Co. will publish the book simultaneously in America.

We understand that it is not contemplated at present to issue a biography of Professor Bruce of Glasgow.

We have pleasure in giving this month portraits of Professor Gilbert Murray, the author of "Carlyon Sahib," and of Mr. William Archer, whose new book on America was reviewed in our columns last month.

Browning readers will be glad to have their attention called to a thin octavo of 48 pages, "Hervé Rielle, Maître Pilote," par S. de la Nicollière-Teijeiro, Archiviste de la Ville de Nantes, Vannes, E. Lafolye, 1891, and to an article in the last number of the *Revue de Bretagne* by the Abbé J. Dominique of Nantes on Browning's stays at Croisie in the Mayor's house. Both of these brochures contain reprints of the late James Darmesteter's translation of Browning's "Hervé Riel." M. Darmesteter had not heard of the poem till Dr. Furnivall told him of it in the eighties. He was delighted with it, and translated it admirably in *Le Parlement*. M. Teijeiro prints, the baptismal certificate of Hervé Rielle, dated 12th April, 1654, the entry, on 23rd Oct., 1691, of his marriage with Janne Jubal, aged 34½ (though she called herself 29), "la belle Aurore," the dates of baptism of their five sons (from 1st Nov., 1694, to 9th Nov., 1704), two of whom died young, and of the marriage of their daughter Julienne on 14th Feb., 1722. As the fleet was ready at Brest in April, 1692, Hervé Rielle must have left home some time before, after three or four months of married life. No wonder that he asked for, and got, an absolute discharge from the French service; and he no doubt enjoyed the society of his "belle Aurore" till she died at the age of 71, in 1724. He survived her five years, and died at 75½, and was buried at Croisie on 29th Nov., 1729

PROF. GILBERT MURRAY
(the author of "Carlyon Sahib").
From photo by Elliott & Fry.

Messrs. Pearson have in preparation a South African novel, to be entitled "An Imperial Light Horseman."

Messrs. Isbister will publish in a week or two the "History of the Melanesian Mission," the Jubilee of which will be an important and interesting event in Church circles at the Antipodes in June next. The author, Mrs. S. E Armstrong, lives in New Zealand, and is not only familiar with the Dark Islands, but has had the advantage of knowing personally most of the distinguished men who have produced so remarkable a change in the archipelago which during the last fifty years has been dotted over with Christian schools and churches. It will be remembered that Bishop Selwyn projected the scheme of the Mission, that Bishop Patteson (the first Bishop of Melanesia) was murdered on one of the islands, that after an interval, in which the diocese was in the charge of Dr. Codrington, Bishop John Selwyn was appointed to continue the great work of his father and his father's friend. Bishop John Selwyn was obliged to resign in consequence of his broken health, and after a brief tenure of the mastership of Selwyn College,

died a year or two ago, and was succeeded in the diocese by Bishop Wilson. The Jubilee of the Mission gives the "History" a special opportuneness; in addition to that it has been written in exceptionally favourable circumstances, for living witnesses of the whole story survive in the widow of Bishop Selwyn, the sister of Bishop Patteson, the widow of Bishop John Selwyn, and Dr. Codrington, who controlled the work during the interregnum, but resolutely resisted the pressure brought to bear on him to accept the episcopal dignity. The volume will be illustrated with portraits of the Bishops and interesting scenes from the Islands.

MR. FREDERIC CARREL
(author of "The Progress of Pauline Kessler").

We observe that a new weekly has been started called the *Londoner*, though we have not seen a copy of the paper. Curiously enough no paragraphist seems to have remembered the exceedingly clever description of a paper called the *Londoner* in Lord Lytton's "Kenelm Chillingly," so soon are great books forgotten, for in its way "Kenelm Chillingly" is a great book. Mr. Mivers, the editor and proprietor of the *Londoner* was, we are told, greatly skilled in diagnosis, so greatly that he could judge by the failing pulses of his friends as he shook hands with them how soon they were likely to die, and whether it was time to get their obituaries written. The line of the *Londoner* was that of the cold, critical school. We think our readers will enjoy a few of the chief aphorisms of its editor and proprietor:

"Mr. Mivers had some other aphorisms on this important subject. One was, 'Refuse to be ill. Never tell people you are ill; never own it to yourself. Illness is one of those things which a man should resist on principle at the onset. It should never be allowed to get in the thin end of the wedge. But take care of your constitution and, having ascertained the best habits for it, keep to them like clockwork.' Mr. Mivers would not have missed his constitutional walk in the park before breakfast, if, by going in a cab to St. Giles's, he could have saved the city of London from conflagration. Another aphorism of his was, 'If you want to keep young, live in a metropolis; never stay above a few weeks at a time in the country. Take two men of similar constitution at the age of twenty-five; let one live in London and enjoy a regular sort of club-life; send the other to some rural district, preposterously called "salubrious." Look at these men when they have both reached the age of forty-five. The London man has preserved his figure, the rural man has a paunch. The London man has an interesting delicacy of complexion; the face of the rural man is cross-grained and perhaps fowly.' A third axiom was, 'Don't be a family man; nothing ages one like matrimonial felicity and paternal ties. Never multiply cares, and pack up your life in the briefest compass you can. Why add to your carpet-bag of troubles the contents of a lady's imperials and bonnet-boxes, and the travelling *fourgon* required by the nursery? Shun ambition—it is so gouty. It takes a great deal out of a man's life and gives him nothing worth having till he has ceased to enjoy it.' Another of his aphorisms was this, 'A fresh mind keeps the body fresh. Take in the ideas of the day, drain off those of yesterday. As to the morrow, time enough to consider it when it becomes to-day.' Preserving himself by attention to these rules, Mr. Mivers appeared at Exmundham *totus, teres*, but not *rotundus*—a man of middle height, slender, upright, with well-cut, small, slight features, thin lips, enclosing an excellent set of teeth, even, white, and not indebted to the dentist. For the sake of those teeth he shunned acid wines, especially hock in all its varieties, culinary sweets, and hot drinks. He drank even his tea cold. 'There are,' he said, 'two things in life that a sage must preserve at every sacrifice, the coats of his stomach and the enamel of his teeth. Some evils admit of consolations; there are no comforters for dyspepsia and toothache.' A man of letters, but a man of the world, he had so cultivated his mind as both, that he was feared as the one, and liked as the other. As a man of letters he despised the world; as a man of the world he despised letters. As the representative of both he revered himself."

We have received a copy of the catalogue of printed books and music to be shown at the Paris Exhibition of this year. It is formed under the direction of the Publishers' Association of Great Britain and Ireland for the Royal British Commission. Most of the leading publishers and printers are represented, though there are some curious omissions. The first section of the catalogue is devoted to British books, and include many of the recent illustrated works published in this country. It cannot, however, be called in any way really representative, or formed upon a discernible principle. The next section is given to sixpenny editions, Messrs. Newnes, Methuen, Macmillan and others being represented, but there are few entries, and perhaps the handsomest sixpenny issues are not included at all. The third section consists of Bibles and Prayer Books. The Oxford University Press has the larger share, but the Cambridge Press is also represented, and the British and Foreign Bible Society. The concluding section is given to music. In all fifty-six publishers send exhibits. Among printers Messrs. R. and R. Clarke send the largest number, and next to them come Messrs. Ballantyne, Hanson and Co., and the Oxford University Press. The Aberdeen University Press is represented by Messrs. Methuen's edition of "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." Altogether it seems to us that the result is a trifle disappointing.

From Photo. by] [*Hana.*

A NEW PORTRAIT OF MR. WILLIAM LE QUEUX
(who is going to Siberia and Manchuria as special correspondent of the *Daily Mail*).

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton will publish immediately a volume of stories entitled "In the Wake of the War," by Mr. St. John Adcock.

THE WAR AND THE BOOK TRADE.

(1) ENGLAND.

FEBRUARY 20TH TO MARCH 20TH.

No very marked improvement has taken place during the past month, but corresponding months in previous years show that it is usually somewhat dull at this period. There are, however, many indications that brisker times are at hand, indeed should the demand in any measure equal the prospective output the spring season will leave little cause for complaint.

Military subjects have still been uppermost, and lives of General Roberts, Sir R. Buller, and Mr. Kruger have sold freely. Roberts' "Forty-one Years in India" has received quite a fresh impetus, owing no doubt to the absorbing interest taken in the career of that popular General. "From Capetown to Ladysmith," by the late G. W. Steevens, and "The Natal Campaign," by Bennett Burleigh, both volumes being but the firstfruits of many works on the actual experiences of the present war, are to hand. The original edition of Fitzpatrick's "Transvaal from Within has somewhat slackened, owing to the advent of the cheaper issue, for which large orders have been placed. Immense sales have been effected of "With the Flag to Pretoria," now appearing in parts, and maps and illustrated periodicals are still eagerly sought after.

Lenten publications have not sold to any great extent, but, owing to the numerous books of a nature more or les suitable for this season already upon the market, it is difficult to compare the result with that of previous years. "A Manual of Devotion for Lent," by Rev. W. J. Knox Little, has probably been the most popular.

The 6s. novel pursues the even tenour of its way, and continues to be little affected by the causes which depress the sales of other classes of literature. "Féo," "Red Pottage," "David Harum," and "Richard Carvel," have sold well. Among the recent arrivals are "The Plunderers" by Morley Roberts, "The Rebel" by H. B. M. Watson, "A Woman of Samaria" by Rita, "The Resurrection" by Leo Tolstoi, "Andromeda" by Robert Buchanan, and "The White Terror" by Felix Gras.

Books on Gardening have been much in evidence. Amongst the most recent are "The Book of Gardening" and "The Century Book of Gardening," both beautifully illustrated.

Sixpenny reprints, or, as they have been ordered, "6s. books for 6d.," have enjoyed a fair amount of popularity.

The following is the list of books which have been most in demand during the past month:

The Transvaal from Within. By J. P. Fitzpatrick. 10s. net. (Heinemann.)
Forty-one Years in India. By Lord Roberts. 10s. net. (Macmillan.)
Roberts (Lord): Life. By Walter Jerrold. 2s. 6d. net. (Partridge.)
Buller (Sir R.): Life. By Walter Jerrold. 2s. 6d. net. (Partridge.)
Impressions of South Africa. By J. Bryce. 6s. (Macmillan.)
From Sea to Sea. By Rudyard Kipling. 2 vols. 6s. each. (Macmillan.)
Memories and Impressions. By Hon. G. C. Brodrick. 16s. (Nisbet.)
Féo. By Max Pemberton. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Andromeda. By Robert Buchanan. 6s. (Chatto.)
The Book of Gardening. By J. M. Abbott and others. 16s. net. (L. U. Gill.)
How England Saved Europe. By W. H. Fitchett. 4 vols. each 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
Red Pottage. By M. Cholmondeley. 6s. (E. Arnold.)
Rupert of Hentzau. By A. Hope. 6s. (Arrowsmith.)
Resurrection. By Leo Tolstoi. 6s. net. (Henderson.)
The Waters of Edera. By Ouida. 6s. (Unwin.)
David Harum. By E. N. Westcott. 6s. (Pearson.)
The Plunderers. By Morley Roberts. 6s. (Methuen.)
Concerning Isabel Carnaby. By E. T. Fowler. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
From Capetown to Ladysmith. By G. W. Steevens. 3s. 6d. (W. Blackwood.)
A Manual of Devotion for Lent. By Rev. W. J. Knox Little. 6s. (Isbister.)
Jess. By Rider Haggard. 3s. 6d. (Smith, Elder.)
Folly Corner. By Mrs. Dudeney. 6s. (Heinemann.)
The Century Book of Gardening. 18s. net. (Newnes.)

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending
Feb. 24—Very quiet in all departments.
Mar. 3—Slight improvement, especially in Fiction. Foreign and Colonial quiet.
,, 10—Fairly good in Home departments, and brisker also in Continental.
,, 17—Fairly good in all departmen . Orders commencing to come in from Africa.

---

(2) SCOTLAND.

FEBRUARY 20TH TO MARCH 20TH, 1900.

The feature of the month's business was the appearance of the first important record of the war. "From Capetown to Ladysmith," by the late G. W. Steevens, although an unfinished work, met with a good reception and sold greatly beyond expectations. Such books as Baden-Powell's "Scouting," Hobson's "War in South Africa," and especially "Our Greatest Living Soldiers," by C. Lowe, were much in request, and large orders were taken for the cheap edition of "The Transvaal from Within," to be published immediately.

Interest, however, in war news somewhat abated, and there was a noted improvement in general business. The six-shilling novel regained its popularity, and the following had a ready sale: "Féo" by Max Pemberton, "Savrola" by W. Churchill, "Sky Pilot" by Ralph Connor, "In Old New York" by Wilson Barrett, and "By Order of the Company" by Mary Johnston.

At five shillings the leading novel was Guy Boothby's "Maker of Nations," and at three shillings and sixpence the cheap editions of George Macdonald and Edna Lyall's books took very well.

There was decided revival in the sixpenny editions of popular works, and the following were much in evidence: "Diana Tempest," "Comin' thro' the Rye," "By Right of Sword," the various volumes of Methuen's "Novelist," and a story, which will always be of interest in Scotland, Dr. Norman Macleod's "Starling."

By the death of Mr. Ruskin attention was called to his many works, and owing to the publication of the concluding volume of Mr. Spurgeon's Life, the other three volumes were taken by his numerous admirers.

An ever increasing demand was experienced for the illustrated papers, and enormous numbers of such serials as "Celebrities of the Army," "With the Flag to Pretoria," and "*Black and White* Budgets," were readily disposed of.

The magazine trade remained quiet. Such monthlies as *Pearson's* and the *Strand* sold fairly well, and the *Woman at Home* went early out of print.

The following is our usual list of best selling books during the month:—

Books on South African Affairs:—
From Capetown to Ladysmith. By G. W. Steevens. 3s. 6d. (Blackwood.)
Boer States. By A. H. Keane. 6s. (Methuen.)
War in South Africa. By J. A. Hobson. 10s. 6d. (Nisbet.)
Great Boer Trek. By Henry Cloete. 1s. (Murray.)
Boer in Peace and War. By A. M. Mann. 1s. (Long.)

Six Shilling Novels:—
Féo. By Max Pemberton. 6s. (Hodder.)
Red Pottage. By M. Cholmondeley. 6s. (Arnold.)
Savrola. By Winston Churchill. 6s. (Longman.)
Sky Pilot. By Ralph Connor. 6s. (Hodder.)
Captain Satan. By Louis Gollet. 6s. (Jarrold.)
Jocelyn Erroll. By Curtis Yorke. 6s. (Jarrold.)
Heart of a Dancer. By P. White. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
In Old New York. By W. Barrett. 6s. (Macqueen.)
By Order of the Company. By M. Johnston. (Constable.)
Anne Judge, Spinster. By F. W. Robinson. 6s. (Digby.)
Money Sense. By J. S. Winter. 6s. (Richards.)
Woman of Samaria. By Rita. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Various:—
Maker of Nations. By Guy Boothby. 5s. (Ward & Lock.)
Mr. Thomas Atkins. By E. J. Hardy. 6s. (Unwin.)
Our Greatest Living Soldiers. By C. Lowe. 3s. 6d. (Chatto.)
Lord Roberts. By Walter Jerrold. 2s. 6d. (Partridge.)
Baden-Powell's Scouting. 1s. net. (Gale & Polden.)
And the various parts published of
Celebrities of the Army, and
With the Flag to Pretoria.

NEW WRITERS.

MISS MARY JOHNSTON.

MISS MARY JOHNSTON, whose remarkable novel, "By Order of the Company," is reviewed in this issue, and has attained an extraordinary success in America, is a Virginian by birth and ancestry, though of late years she has lived in Alabama, where her father is prominently identified with railroad industry. Miss Johnston's mother is of an old Scotch-Irish family, and through her she is a descendant of one of the thirteen apprentices who closed the gates of Londonderry in the Siege of 1689. Miss Johnston was born at Buchanan, Botetourt County,

MISS MARY JOHNSTON,
Author of "By Order of the Company."

Virginia, a quiet, leisurely old town, boasting of a long and picturesque history.

It was undoubtedly the life of these early Buchanan days that laid the fonndations for Miss Johnston's two romances, "The Old Dominion" and "By Order of the Company." Miss Johnston was a delicate child, and school was forbidden her. In early days she read widely, and, as she says, many

Photo by] MISS UNA L. SILBERRAD. *[W. Whiteley, Ltd.*

of the books could hardly have been called juvenile literature. At the age of sixteen she moved to Birmingham in Alabama. Since then her home has been in this town, with the exception of four years spent in New York. Miss Johnston's writing has always been to her a recreation, and has been done in moments snatched from absorbing household duties. Her first book was written amid such distractions, without the knowledge even of a friend or relative until it had been accepted by her publishers. It appeared unheralded and without artificial help to popularity, but it proved an immediate and startling success. "By Order of the Company" was, we believe, written under similar circumstances, and when it is remembered that the author is scarcely twenty-nine years old her achievement is all the more remarkable. It is said in the States that no serial since the appearance of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" has so largely increased the circulation of a magazine as did Miss Johnston's story in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

MISS UNA L. SILBERRAD.

IT is seldom that a first book by a young writer betrays so few marks of immaturity and crudeness as does "The Enchanter" by Miss Una L. Silberrad. Usually a work of fiction of this range and scope bears traces of the 'prentice hand, unless the writer has previously gained sureness of touch and grasp of situation and character by practice in short story writing. But, with the exception of a short story published in the *Leisure Hour* in 1896, "The Enchanter" is Miss Silberrad's first appearance in print.

Miss Silberrad is hardly twenty-eight yet, having been born in May, 1872, in Essex, where she has since lived. She is the second child and eldest daughter of a large,

ambitious family, and her days have been absorbed for the most part by household cares and duties. For as long as she can remember she has had a gift of telling stories and "making up" tales, but not until she was nearly twenty-one did she think of writing them out. At that age she wrote "A Romance of the Molehill Country," which appeared in the *Leisure Hour* three years later. In 1895 she began the writing of "The Enchanter," but it took her two years to finish it, as the only leisure time she had for writing was on Sunday afternoons. It took another year to type, which a younger brother did for her in the evenings, often after arriving home late from the city. Finally it was submitted and accepted by Messrs. Macmillan and Co. last spring and published in November. The novel has been most favourably reviewed, and, but for the depression caused by the war, must have attracted more attention. Miss Silberrad has written of the people she has known all her life, and the background of the story lies in the Essex marshes. There is a vigour and robust atmosphere in the book, which, coupled with the fact that on the title-page the author's name appeared simply as "U. L. Silberrad," led most of the reviewers and many readers to conclude that it was the work of a man. Her paternal great-great-grandfather was German, and his crest was a silver wheel between particoloured wings, hence the name Silberrad. On her mother's side she is half Spanish, but for several generations the family has been wholly English. Even so practised a reviewer as Mr. Quiller-Couch, writing in the *Academy* about "The Enchanter" some weeks ago, did not pierce the author's identity. Mr. Quiller-Couch, by the way, is a firm believer in Miss Silberrad's great promise, and in a letter which he subsequently wrote to the author he says: "No piece of truer romance or of finer has been written for a long while. 'The Enchanter' gave me extraordinary pleasure; it was so full of promise, so original in a score of small ways, touching here and there the great heights and often a nobility of feeling which the most of our story-tellers—so far are they from reaching it—seem never to suspect."

Miss Silberrad has nearly finished a second novel of the same length as "The Enchanter." In this book the heroine is the central figure, and the story grows out of the development of her character. Its probable title will be "The Princess Puck."

THE READER.

LETTERS ON THE LITERARY LIFE.

I.—To a Gentleman wishing to Increase his Income by Writing Reviews.

DEAR SIR,—You write to say that you are well educated and fond of reading. Your income is small and you wish to increase it. It has occurred to you that this might be done by writing reviews of books. You have no doubt as to your capacity so far as the work of criticising is concerned, though I gather that you have never published anything.

My experience is that all educated persons are of opinion that they can write reviews. Many of them, perhaps the majority, think they can write fiction. But there is a very considerable minority who know that they cannot. Other departments of literary work are considered more or less difficult. Reviewing, however, is thought to be the simplest thing in the world. This is a delusion. The great critic is as rare as the great creator, rarer in fact. I doubt whether there have been six first-class critics in this century. A good critic is far more hard to secure than a good novelist. We have three novelists at present who may be called good for every one decent critic. However, it is quite possible you may be among the few, and I shall do my best to answer your question.

There are, roughly speaking, four kinds of reviews.

1. There is the review that is an estimate. It does not take special account of the book in hand, or follow it closely. It deals with the subject raised by the book, or with the author in his general achievement. This is the most difficult and the most valuable kind of criticism. We have very little of it among us now. Mr. Hutton used to contribute to the *Spectator* many delightful articles of that kind. They used to be more or less common in the Quarterlies. Macaulay, for example, mostly dealt with his subjects in that way. I believe that the practice of this art might be revived, that any journal adopting it would soon take a position, and that any critic capable of sound work of this kind would easily find employment. But it requires for its fit performance unusual qualities of knowledge, of discernment, and of literary power.

2. The second style of criticism may be called without offence the blue pencil style. It has to be resorted to in these days when in many journals important books are reviewed on the day of publication. True, publishers are kind enough to allow us a few days, but as a matter of fact the work has often to be done with tremendous haste. The reviewer goes over the book, marks for extract the most interesting passages, writes a brief introduction and a brief close, and connects his extracts with a thread of comment. Such work you are not likely to find, at least for a long time. It may seem to be easy, and in a sense it is. But practice and judgment and knowledge are necessary if this kind of thing is to be done well. It is a kind of criticism which I detest, but it is not easy to see how it can be done without under present conditions. I have no doubt that the decay of the Quarterlies is partly due to their abandoning the Macaulay style for this. Nobody cares to read over again extracts which have appeared in nearly every daily newspaper. The kind of criticism wanted in a Quarterly is that of a judge who commands the field, who can place the book in relation to others, and can estimate its final significance. To creep along with the author from chapter to chapter, adding a commonplace reflection or a necessary note to pages of extracts, is the sort of work that may be needed in a morning daily, but which ought to be excluded from pretentious and leisurely reviews.

3. The third kind of reviewing is that of the expert. I am afraid that his work also is in danger of being crowded out, for it is work which demands much time and pains if it is to be done thoroughly well. He ought to know the subject of the book at least as well as the author, and if possible better. He ought to check every statement carefully. He should not deal in general assertions without proof. When he makes a charge he should make it

good. I remember a critical journal denouncing a book of Mr. John Morley's as inaccurate. Mr. Morley wrote and asked that the inaccuracies should be pointed out. He was told that it was no business of the reviewer to correct his proofs. This, it seems to me, was inadmissible. It is clear that the expert reviewer cannot have much to do, though his work is probably surer than that of any other. No man can be an expert in more than a limited area. He can treat certain subjects with authority, but outside of this he is as other men. If you are an expert in any subject, that is, if you know any subject better than say ninety-nine per cent. of your fellow beings, you can hardly fail to get work. The *Athenæum* is still distinguished amongst literary journals for taking pains to put important books into the hands of experts, and the *Manchester Guardian* deserves the same credit. I should also point to the *Oxford Review* as an exemplary journal in this way.

4. There comes the ordinary review in its various grades. An intelligent person takes a biography and makes a more or less satisfactory summary. He takes a novel, gives an outline of the plot, refers to the chief characters and criticises the style. The ordinary reviewer has to do his work quickly both in reading and in writing. His work may be done very well or it may be done very ill. In the old days the *Academy* used to publish articles on the novels of the week by Mr. Lang, Mr. Saintsbury, and others. They were written with a pleasant touch of brightness. If a reviewer is bright and cultivated, he will be able to make a readable article out of almost any book. If he is not, he will be dull, and probably never so dull as in reviewing works of fiction, or "fictional works," as a certain newspaper calls them. Between the very bad and the very good there are the mediocre reviewers without distinction or individuality. Their work is not liberally paid for, but their columns pass muster somehow.

By reading the above you may be able to decide the line you should take. Having chosen it, the only thing to do is to send specimen articles to papers applying for work. Be content if you can make a beginning. You need never expect to find the work highly remunerative. Speed counts for everything. If you can read and write rapidly, and if you are industrious and have a good connection, a decent little income may be made. But that is all. Be prepared for many discouragements and rejections. You have many competitors, and editors are less inclined to look at reviews than at any other kind of voluntary contributions. Be sure, however, that there is always room in this as in every field for a man of real capacity.

Yours faithfully,
An Old Reviewer.

ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER.

If proof were needed of the remarkable popularity of Miss Fowler's novels—and such proof is clearly superfluous when every Book Party is sewn with "Double Threads," and an edition of twenty-five thousand copies is insufficient to supply the first demand for "The Farringdons" in England and the Colonies—you may find it in the columns of learned discussion which have followed the announcement that in Miss Fowler's new novel we are to meet again some of the old friends from the pages of her previous books. The most dignified dailies have managed to snatch space from the absorbing war news for the consideration of Miss Fowler's very serious position. Is she or is she not justified in writing a sequel to "Concerning Isabel Carnaby"? Is not such a sequel too obviously an imitation of Thackeray? Did not Thackeray—? Of course it is all very foolish, especially as "The Farringdons" is not a sequel or anything resembling a sequel, but it is at least a splendid tribute to Miss Fowler's hold on the interests of the great British public. I am sure that quite a number of those who listened to the forebodings of these precocious critics felt Miss Fowler's danger as something almost personal. They need have no fear.

It would be useless to attempt any picture of Miss Fowler's unique personality. Everyone knows by this time that she always sits in an armchair when undergoing an interview ("rather suggestive of a dentist, isn't it?"), that she corrupts the interviewer with an unlimited supply of cakes, that she is vivacity personified, yet never restless, that she is a brilliant talker, that her conversation bubbles with epigrams, sparkles with wit. I have used my best endeavours to obtain some unpublished fragments of autobiography for readers of The Bookman, and—I have succeeded.

"I am just about a year older than I was when I published 'A Double Thread.' Nothing has happened in the year except new dresses, which I am sure *ought* not to interest your readers. Please remember I said a year older; I am quite positive I am *not a century older*."

Arise, ye new century pedants, and glut your ire!

Everyone likes to read of an author's beginnings. After all, most successful writers started as we started, so it is quite obvious that some day we, too, shall count our readers by hundreds of thousands. But Miss Fowler's record is altogether exceptional. Her literary career dates from somewhere about her seventh year, when she composed the first of that long series of Poems on Current Events which offers such a unique record of the history of Sir Henry Fowler and his family. Unfortunately the British Museum has not yet managed to secure the manuscripts of these verses. Most of them are indeed little more than traditions, but the following has been preserved:

> "And after that the Curate made a speech,
> Of which, alas! I could not hear a word;
> But if that little speech the speaker pleased,
> What did it matter if it was unheard?"

It is interesting to learn that Colonel Thorneycroft, of "Thorneycroft's Horse," is Miss Fowler's first cousin, and that one of the earliest recollections of the author of "Concerning Isabel Carnaby" is of going down to dessert with the future Colonel, when both were staying as children at the "Pembruge Castle" of "A Double Thread," holding his hand and shutting her eyes with equal tightness as they ran together through the big saloon past a row of figures in armour. "He was older than I," says Miss Fowler, "and much bigger and braver; but I think that even he had lurid misgivings as to how far those mailed figures were to be trusted after dusk, and to what extent their 'white flag' was to be relied upon."

From Photo by MISS ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER. *Alice Hughes, 59, Gower Street, London.*

Miss Fowler also remembers composing a poem (she did not *write* much in those days) for the delectation of the future Colonel and his sister, concerning the history of a certain hero called "Vouchasafe," in whom they were greatly interested. "I got this word out of the *Te Deum*," Miss Fowler told me, "and concluded it was a man's name because it began with a capital V, and whilst I was ostensibly engaged in public worship, I was really inventing stories about this gentleman. I was then seven; I couldn't read long words very well; hence I made three syllables of the name. I can still recall one verse of the ballad, which ran:

'Let's learn Latin, Vouchasafe—
Learn as quickly as we can!'
But he dashed the sparkling water
At the feet of Mary Ann.'

Who was Mary Ann, and wherefore the libation, I cannot remember; but I am still reminded every Sunday of Vouchasafe and his exploits. Probably she was a young woman of an intellectual turn of mind, who bored Vouchasafe with her literary pursuits till he threw cold water upon them, but I only gather this from the context. Even now Vouchasafe is as real a man's name to me as Arthur or Lancelot, or any other hero of romance.'

A few years later contributions from Miss Fowler became a feature of the Poet's Corner in the local newspaper. Miss Fowler confesses that she had written "reams of poetry, very pert and impertinent," before she was twelve; but her first "real" appearance in print was made in the *Sunday Magazine* with a poem, "Lilies." This was followed by numerous short stories in various periodicals. Some of these were afterwards collected and published under the title "Cupid's Garden." Previous to this, Miss Fowler had published two volumes of poems "Verses Grave and Gay" and "Verses Wise and Otherwise." These still enjoy a considerable sale, and are indeed well known to almost all Miss Fowler's readers, for the charming lines prefixed to each chapter in "A Double Thread" are extracted from these volumes. Miss Fowler still finds occasional recreation in writing poetry, but says she infinitely prefers fiction.

Miss Fowler is a born teller of stories. As a child she was always inventing the most extravagant tales, the most weird characters. "I never was myself for more than five minutes together," she says; "I was always making up tales and acting them. Before I could really write at all, when I wrote a great big round hand such as children do, I was always writing childish stories about something. I remember one villain I invented, by name Henry Baker. He became quite a living terror to my sister and myself, kept us awake at night and did the most dreadful things, just like a villain in a play." Miss Fowler has even now no special methods of working. She can write anywhere and everywhere. She retires to no private sanctum; she sets aside no special hours. Most of her writing has been done at Wolverhampton, and, as is

evident from the spontaneity which is one of the greatest charms of her novels, she writes with extraordinary ease. "A cosy chair, a pencil, and a pad are all I need," she says; "I never re-write." Her one critic is her sister, Miss Edith Fowler, who is herself the author of that charming book, "A Corner of the West." "Concerning Isabel Carnaby" was completed in four months. Twelve months were spent on "A Double Thread" and "The Farringdons"—but "spent" hardly conveys the right impression, for Miss Fowler seldom writes for more than two hours at a time, generally in the morning. Once commenced, however, the work is continued steadily every day, until the end is reached.

As everyone knows, it was with "Concerning Isabel Carnaby" that Miss Fowler took her place in the front rank of the most popular writers of the day. The story of its genesis has often been told. Miss Fowler confesses that she lacks initiative, and that but for Dr. Robertson Nicoll she might still be writing short stories for the magazines. She had never dreamed of a novel until Dr. Nicoll told her frankly that she was the one living writer of ability who was acquainted both with Methodism and with Society, and that she ought to make use of such knowledge in a serious piece of fiction. It is eloquent of Miss Fowler's wonderful facility that she had the whole story planned within a few hours of Dr. Nicoll's visit.

The sale of "Concerning Isabel Carnaby" started quietly. Soon enthusiastic reviews began to appear. (Miss Fowler has nothing but kindly feelings towards the reviewers, but she is strongly of opinion that when a critic gives away the plot of a novel in his notice he ought to be punished with the utmost rigour of the law.) The story of Paul and Isabel became the talk of town and country, and it was impossible to print copies fast enough to supply the demand. It was translated into French and German, and into the Braille type for the blind. "Concerning Isabel Carnaby" was the book of the year, and the monthly reports of the book trade in our columns offer striking testimony to its lasting popularity. I do not think that any novel has appeared so often in these reports. That it should find a place among the best selling books of last month just two years after its publication establishes a record.

"A Double Thread" was everywhere received with acclamation, and is now in its fiftieth thousand. At the time of writing, "The Farringdons" is on the eve of publication. Considerably over 25,000 copies have been sold before a single one has reached the public. The third book of a popular author is usually the supreme test. All who know anything of Miss Fowler's powers are confident that "The Farringdons" will stand the test.

One of the great secrets of the charm of Miss Fowler's novels is the evident interest she herself takes in her creations. They are real men and women to her as to her

From Photo by [*Alice Hughes, 52, Gower Street, London.*

MISS EDITH FOWLER.

readers. As she writes, her story seems to develop of its own accord, and sometimes, as she says, her characters "quite run away" with her. True to life, and drawn from life they undoubtedly are, but they are not portraits. Of course all kinds of "keys" to her novels have been discovered by that public which delights in indiscretions, but Miss Fowler is emphatic in her statement that they don't fit—for the simple reason that there is nothing to unlock. The ever delightful Martha in "Concerning Isabel Carnaby" is an exception, and it is telling no secret to say that her prototype was an old nurse in Sir Henry Fowler's family. Martha lived to find herself famous, and only died quite recently. A good many readers of "The Farringdons" will recognise, too, the school Fox How. But then Miss Fowler, who like her heroine was a pupil there, is delighted to offer his tribute to the gracious personage who ruled over Fox How, and to the system of education which did not teach girls how to be scholars, but rather how to be themselves.

"The Farringdons" has been awaited with the utmost eagerness, which has only been increased by the premature discussions to which I have referred. As the book will not be issued until the middle of the month, it is, of course impossible to give many particulars, but I am pleased to be able to allay anxiety with regard to Paul Seaton and Isabel Carnaby—I should say Mrs. Seaton. Miss Fowler has received a large number of letters from every quarter of the globe filled with intimate confidences from all sorts and conditions of women (and a few men), for many readers have come to look upon the author, in whom the widest knowledge of life has produced that understanding which is so full of love and pity, as a kind of mother confessor. Many of the correspondents ask whether Paul and Isabel "really lived happily ever after." It is a question which must have been discussed in thousands of homes. Miss Fowler admits that men generally answer "Impossible," that women are for the most part doubtful but are inclined to think they did, but she herself, who ought to know, is quite certain. "Of course they were happy. There were sometimes squalls, no doubt, but they were admirably suited for each other." It is in order to settle the question once for all that Miss Fowler has introduced some of the old characters into "The Farringdons." Paul Seaton is Postmaster-General, and is on the high road of political success, while Isabel adores her husband and devotes all her time and her talents to helping him in his work. Of all her characters Isabel and Christopher, the hero of "The Farringdons," are, I fancy, Miss Fowler's favourites. Paul, excellent man as he undoubtedly is, does not appeal to her. She confesses she thinks him something of a prig. Miss Fowler agrees with the critics that "A Double Thread" is better planned than her first great success, but Elfrida has never usurped the place of Isabel in her affections.

Miss Fowler's new novel was originally called "The Osier Field," after the great ironworks round which the story moves. The scene is laid in the midst of the Black Country, among the smoke and chimneys and mines of her native Staffordshire. The book is a study of one of those new women (I hesitate to use the word, but it is the author's own designation) whom Miss Fowler portrays with such intimate knowledge and delightful humour. In "The Farringdons" Miss Fowler has once more drawn some of her most interesting characters from the Methodist life which she knows so well and loves so dearly. For, brilliant society woman as she is, Miss Fowler understands and appreciates to the full the magnificent power of English Nonconformity, its marvellous capacity of adapting religion to the needs and uses of everyday life, and of bringing the infinite into the region of the homely and commonplace. "You may smile," she says, "at a Jacob's Ladder formed according to the domestic architecture of the first half of the nineteenth century—a gorgeous painting of such a ladder is one of the greatest treasures of Methodist households in the Bl c Country—I admit it is difficult to appreciate at its real worth the religion of a woman I knew, who, when asked whether she has been successful in making her pork pies, replied, 'I've done my best with them, and if only the Lord will be with them in the oven, they be the best batch of pies this side of Jordan'; but the people o whom the other world is so near and so real that they perceive nothing incongruous in an ordinary stair-carpet trodden by the feet of angels, nothing irreverent in the idea of divine interest in cooking arrangements, have grasped a truth which on one side touches the Divine, even though on the other it comes terribly near to the grotesque."

From what I have heard of "The Farringdons" I am inclined to think that in it Miss Fowler has sounded a deeper note than in any of her previous books. The keynote of the novel is heard in the following lines which, Miss Fowler tells me, prefix the story of the great crisis in her heroine's life history:

> The world is weary of new tracts of thought
> That lead to nought—
> Sick of quack remedies prescribed in vain
> For mortal pain;
> Yet still above them all one Figure stands
> With outstretched hands.

Miss Fowler has no very definite plans for the future. It is not likely that we shall have another novel from her pen for at least a twelvemonth, although the autumn will probably see a new novel from her sister. She is at present taking a well-earned rest, but as she spends the best part of her days in watching humanity, she is always gathering fresh material. London is to her an ever-fascinating, never wearying friend. The joy of living, which is to be traced in every one of her books, is emphatically hers. She finds interests everywhere. There are people who tell us that "London is delightful in the season," and that "the country is very pretty in the summer." But Miss Fowler has learnt that there is no end to the wonder or the interest or the mystery of either.

And it is because she has been able to make others see with her eyes and hear with her ears that Miss Fowler's readers are numbered by hundreds of thousands.

J. E. Hodder Williams.

TWO UNPUBLISHED DOCUMENTS OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

NOT the least remarkable among the many remarkable things connected with the story of Mary Queen of Scots is the persistency with which inedited original documents continually turn up in spite of all that has been done by indefatigable searchers and enthusiastic editors. Two such documents have recently come within my ken and have been transcribed by me. Both are in public repositaries—the one being in the British Museum, the other in the National Portrait Gallery, Edinburgh. Neither is of vital importance in her tragic story; neither clears up any obscure point; but both are interesting in themselves and for the circumstances in which they were written; both bear the Queen's signature; and the one furnishes fresh proof of her indomitable courage, the other of her hopeful disposition. The first is connected with the short siege to which she was subjected in Borthwick Castle only four days before her forces met, and melted away in presence of, those of the Confederate Lords at Carberry Hill. The other was written in her English prison at Wingfield, fifteen months after she had crossed the Solway in the vain hope of finding help and freedom.

The Queen's ill-advised and unfortunate marriage with Bothwell was celebrated on the 15th of May, 1567. On the 28th of the same month, with the advice of "hir derrest spous" and of the Lords of Privy Council, she issued two proclamations, summoning her nobles, barons, freeholders, landed men, and substantial yeomen, of certain districts, to aid her in suppressing the insolence of the thieves of Liddesdale. On the 4th of June she deemed it expedient to issue a declaration, explaining that she had no ulterior design, and denying that there was any foundation for the rumours "put in the heidis of the people that thai forceis wer to be convenit for uther purposis." Those summoned from Lanarkshire, Stirlingshire, and the north of the Forth had been ordered to meet her, her husband, or lieutenant, on the 15th of June at Melrose.

According to Calderwood, she and Bothwell left Edinburgh for Borthwick on the 6th of June with men and artillery; but, according to the Diurnal of Occurrents, she did not leave Edinburgh until the 7th. By the 9th Sir William Drury, then at Berwick, learned that Bothwell, with fifty harquebusiers and as many friends as he could gather, had left Borthwick on the projected raid against the thieves. In a subsequent letter Drury states that Bothwell returned to Borthwick without having done anything. His absence must have been of short duration, for Drury goes on to tell that the Confederate Lords went to Borthwick Castle on Tuesday night (the 10th of June), in the expectation of capturing Bothwell; that the advance party tried by a ruse to gain admission; that, understanding the weakness of the place, Bothwell prudently escaped; that the Lords, after calling him many ugly names and uttering "divers undutiful and unseemly speeches," departed to Edinburgh; and that Bothwell then repaired to the Queen and took her to Dunbar. Other contemporary accounts fill in a few graphic details of the story. By the lowest estimate Morton and Hume are said to have had five or six hundred men with them in their attempt upon Borthwick; by some they were said to have had a much larger number. In the Historical Memoirs of Lord Herries it is said that when Bothwell perceived how closely Borthwick Castle was to be invested, "he disguysed himselfe in a woman's habit, and the Queen in a man's; and in the night they deceaved the guards, and went streight to Dunbar Castle." As these Memoirs were unfortunately recast, it is never safe to trust them in details which cannot be satisfactorily corroborated by other evidence. It is known otherwise that Bothwell and the Queen did not leave Borthwick together. He escaped on Tuesday night or early on Wednesday morning, and she remained until Wednesday night. Bothwell's flight would have been more picturesque had it been effected in petticoats, but that feature sadly lacks confirmation. As to the nature of the Queen's disguise, there need be no doubt. In the Book of Articles it is rather indefinitely affirmed that she was "arrayit in sic forme that it wes marvelous to the behalders at that tyme and unworthy presentlie to be rehersit." That she was in male attire is mentioned not only by such writers as Buchanan and Calderwood, but by the author of the Diurnal of Occurrents, and by Sir William Drury, as well as by one of the Queen's most devoted adherents. Beaton, who rode out from Edinburgh to Borthwick to see her after Bothwell's escape, found "hir Majestie sa quyet that thair was noucht with hir passing six or seven persons." That same night, he adds, she left Borthwick for Dunbar "in mennis claiths, butit, and spurit" (that is, in men's clothes, booted, and spurred), "quhairof na man knew saif my Lord Duk [*i.e.*, Bothwell] and sum of his servants," who met her and convoyed her to Dunbar. As the Diurnal of Occurrents puts it, "the Quenis Grace, cled in menis clething, came fra Borthvik to Dunbar with greit diligence."

The night of her escape was the night of the 11th of June, and the document of which the text is now given is dated at Borthwick on that day.

"Marie, be the grace of God Quene of Scottis, to our lovittis [*blank*], messingers, our shereffis in that part, conjunctlie and severalie, specialie constitute, greting. Forsamekle as James Erll of Mortoun, Alexander Lord Hwme, and thair complices, hes tressonabillie takin on armes, convenit a greit nowmer of baronis, landit men and commonis, of purpos to invade and persew our proper persoun, and our dearest husband James, Duke of Orknay, etc., and finalie to bereve us of our kingdome ower the quhilk God hes placeit and establissit us, as weill apperis be the begynning of thair traitorous interpris that hes not spairit to besege oure awin persoun in the castell of Borthuik; and becaus we understand that the maist part of the saidis baronis, landit men and commonis, ar blindlie brocht on the mater, not knawing the same to tend to our heich displesour; we, willing to spair the saikles multitude quhais fault procedis of ignorance, have remittit thame and every ane of thame, like as we be thir presentis remittis to thame the rancour of our hart, and all actioun and cryme that we have or may have aganis thame, for thair taking on of armour and tressonable accumpanying of the saidis conspiratouris; providing that, within the space of twa houris efter the publicatioun heirof, thai leif the saidis conspiratours cumpany, leif of armour and pas peciabillie hame to thair awin duelling places. Under the quhilk condicioun, we will that this our remitt be extendit

and na further. Oure will is heirfore, and we charge yow straitlie, and commandis that, incontinent thir our lettres sene, ye pas to the mercat croce of our burgh of Edinburgh, and all utheris places neidfull, and thair be oppin proclamatioun in our name and auctorite mak publicatioun heirof, that nane pretend ignorance of the samyn, and als command and charge the saidis Erl of Mortoun, Lord Hwme, thair complices, and all utheris being in cumpany with thame, to leif thair armes and convocatioun and pas hame quietlie to thair awin duelling places under the pane of tressoun; with certificatioun to thame that dois in the contrair, thai salbe repute haldin and persewit as oppin and manifest tratouris, and the proces of forfaltour salbe led aganis thame conforme to the lawis of our realme and Actis of Parliament; as ye will ansuer to us thairupon. The quhilk to do we committ to yow, conjunctlie and severalie, oure full power be thir our lettres, delivering thame be yow dewlie execute and indorsate agane to the berare. Gevin under our signet, and subscrivit be be (*sic*) us and our said dearest husband, at Borthik the xj day of Junij, and of our regnne the xxv yeir, 1567. "Marie R̃."

Indorsed:—"Proclamatioun send out of Borthuik."

The proclamation, which is very distinctly written in a small, neat, official hand, bears traces of haste. The signature alone is in Mary's hand. Notwithstanding the critical condition of her affairs and the momentous issues which hung in the balance, that signature—bold and firm—bears no trace of haste, excitement, or nervousness, save perhaps in the horizontal line over the final R, and the slight deflection in that line may have been due to the pen or the paper. The proclamation may have been suggested by Bothwell when the besiegers appeared. Its framer evidently expected that it would be signed by him as well as by the Queen, and the penman may have been unaware of his flight until it was ready for signature. It is also evident that the proclamation was intended to be published at the Market Cross of Edinburgh. From the Diurnal of Occurrents it is learned that an attempt to carry out this intention was actually made, at seven o'clock on the evening of the 11th of June, and that that attempt was frustrated by the Confederate Lords, who had forced the ports, or gates, of Edinburgh, and, having entered the city, "wald not thole the herauldis to proclame the samin, bot tuik thame and held thame at thair pleisour."

The 11th of June must have been a stirring day at the Market Cross of Edinburgh as well as at Borthwick. The Lords not only prevented the publication of the foregoing proclamation, but on the same day caused a proclamation of their own to be made at the Cross, in which they expressed their determination to deliver the Queen "out of bondage and captivitie" (that is, out of Bothwell's power), to try the murderers of Darnley, and to see justice administered to all; and in which they charged all the subjects, especially the burgesses and inhabitants of Edinburgh, to come to their aid. On the same day, but before the Lords reached Edinburgh, two proclamations were made in the Queen's name—one charging all fencible men between sixteen and sixty to get ready, under pain of death, to relieve her and her spouse at Borthwick; the other charging them to come to Edinburgh and pass thence with the royal lieutenant to where he should command them. The proclamation of the Confederate Lords is duly entered in the official Register of the Privy Council; but no proclamation of the Queen's is entered therein of a later date than her declaration of the 4th of June.

The trials, the tragedies, and the sufferings of Mary in Scotland, the hardships and the disappointments, bitter and repeated, of her long captivity in England, would have subdued a courage less resolute, would have quenched a spirit less undaunted than hers; but in facing the greatest perils her courage ever appeared to increase, and when her prospects seemed gravest she never despaired. To her hopeful disposition she no doubt owed much.

Before she signed the letter at Wingfield, which as I believe is now printed for the first time, the Conferences at York and Westminster had closed, she had been charged with most odious crimes, her character had not been vindicated, many of her chief supporters in Scotland had been either crushed or over-awed by the Regent Murray, the Convention at Perth had neither acceded to Elizabeth's proposals for her restoration nor to her own for promoting a divorce from Bothwell. On the 3rd of August Murray had despatched Alexander Home to Elizabeth with tidings of that Convention; and on the morning of the 5th the Mr. Thomas Fleming to whom Mary refers arrived at Berwick, on his way to Wingfield, hoping to inform her of these proceedings before Home could reach the Queen of England—a hope which Lord Hunsdon determined to foil by delaying Fleming at Berwick. Five days later Mary, after receiving his Scotch news, sent him with a message to the Bishop of Ross and with a letter to La Mothe Fénélon. On the 20th of the same month Elizabeth sent a somewhat querulous and peremptory letter to Murray, and sent it by Thomas Fleming, Mary's servant, and required Murray to allow him to return quietly and with some answer meet for her expectation. In replying to Elizabeth on the 5th of September, Murray says that he has allowed Fleming to return, but has thought it more sure to send his answer by the ordinary post than by such an one as his misreport has proved him to be. It was while Fleming was in Scotland on this latter occasion that the Queen of Scots sent the following letter to Sir Thomas Ker the Laird of Fernihirst:—

"Richt traist freind, we greit yow weill. Being glaid to knaw the ferme constancy ye remane at towartis our obedience, quhilk be your lettre we haif understand, accompanyet with my Lord Zeister your brother; thankes thairof; and as to your contenewance thairin doubtis not of the same, of the quhilk ye sall with the grace of God have na occasioun to repent, bot salbe recompensit with sic reward as sall redound to your honour and proffeit: assuring yow that our affayres ar at a gud poynt, quhairof sa sone as Mr. Thomas Flemyng retournis we will gett resolutioun but [*i.e.* without] forther delay, quhome we haif depeschit in Scotland with the Quene our gud sisteris advyse; praying yow that, gif ye heir the said Mr. Thomas be stayit or put of be wordis, that incontinent ye adverteis us, for with Godis grace we intend to be the nixt messager [*i.e.* ambassador] our selff. Thairfor hald yourself and freindis in reddynes till our nixt advertisment, and in this meane tyme to may ye labour to mak all freindis ye our effect, quha will

not be obstinat and will in tyme recognosce our obedience; and quhat ye promeis to thame in our name for offences bygane, we salbe willing to accomplishe the same and be unto thame a gud princes. And thus committis yow to the protection of God. Frome Wingfeild, the xxvij daye of August, 1569.

"Your richt good frind,

"Marie R."

Indorsed:—"To our richt traist freind the Lard of Fairnyherst."

In a later hand:—"Qeene Maryes kind letter to Sr. Thos. Ker of Ferniherst."

Nothing is in the Queen's own hand save the words "your richt good frind" and the signature.

To what cheering circumstance or hopeful scheme does she allude when she says, "our affayres ar at a gud poynt"? Dumbarton Castle was still resolutely held in her name by Lord Fleming of Cumbernauld, and John Fleming of Boghall, the brother of "Mr. Thomas," was "ane of the cheif haldaris and keparis" of that fortress on the Clyde; but the Laird of Fernihirst required no information about that. She evidently refers to something which she expected would be definitely settled when Mr. Thomas returned to England, to some proposal which was to be sanctioned, or to some step which was to be taken, should the result of his mission warrant it. In the letter carried by Thomas Fleming to the Regent Murray, Elizabeth demanded a more definite answer than he had formerly given to her proposals for Mary's release and partial restoration to power. In all likelihood Mary referred to this; but there is little room to doubt that she had also an eye to that convention of her principal Scotch supporters which was to be held at Dunkeld, and to the bearing which the result of their deliberations would have on the action of her English adherents. These English adherents were much more in earnest than was their own Queen for Mary's release and restoration; and not a few of them were willing to risk force should policy prove unavailing. At this time they were set on the Norfolk match. On the very day that Mary wrote to the Laird of Fernihirst, Gerau de Spes wrote to the King of Spain: "The Council [*i.e.*, the English Council] has decided, at the instance of the Duke of Norfolk and his friends, that the Queen of Scotland shall be set at liberty, on condition that she marries an Englishman, and all the signatures of all the principal people in this country have been obtained to this effect. The matter of her marriage, also, is so far advanced that the French ambassador has been reconciled to it, and within a day or two, I understand that the Duke himself, or some other leading personage, will come and request me to write to your Majesty to learn your wishes on the subject."

There is no need to tell here how Elizabeth put her foot on Norfolk's marriage scheme, how he was brought to the block, how the northern insurrection was quelled, how Mary's hopes were unrealised, or how her imprisonment was made more rigorous.

D. Hay Fleming.

"ARE SHAKSPERE'S SONNETS AUTO-BIOGRAPHICAL?"*

I ALLOW no one—says or thinks John Bull—to beat my wife or criticise my Shakspere, but myself; because I alone can judge when they deserve it. And justly; for if he does not understand their little ways, who should? But they being two of his choicest British Possessions, and he a boastful, uxorious, easy-natured blunderer, the good lady goes uncorrected and Shakspere uncriticised—at least in these days of dotage, for in the eighteenth century a few sober, acute commentators, imperfect as were their lights, did make some firm steps towards the truth. From England in our day no safe guide to Shakspere can be expected; still less from America, intent only on out-shrieking and out-snuffling the English panegyrists. From Germany stream forth rich floods of the light which is darkness. Reverent Fritz and soft-hearted Karl cannot resist the magnetism of sublime intellect and tender poetry even in an Englishman or a Hottentot. But their reverence becomes idolatry as soon as they find that Shakspere is at times gloriously obscure—from carelessness, inarticulate thought, or corruption of text—and straightway they appropriate him bodily, alter, darn and patch, turn him upside down and inside out, and then inflate him with Hegelian hydrogen into the semblance of a hugely swollen Goethe. But this Subjective Shakspere reveals only the mind of its creators; we want to know what the Poet really meant, not what the Professors would like him to have meant, and think he ought to have meant. Dare we turn in our despair to the nation of born and trained critics? True, it is the instinct of the French critic to ridicule, as it is of the German to revere, what he does not understand, and so he has written many facetious strictures on the "divin Williams" which he will have to retract. But how should he have understood? Remember that he is a poor linguist, that English is hard, and Shaksperian English harder still; remember his national jealousy and righteous disgust at our irrational adulation of the Bard; remember, too, how long his judgment had been fettered by the arbitrary canons of French dramatic poetry. Moreover, when the career of Shakspere in France comes to be reviewed, it will probably be admitted that, though no critic has yet succeeded in getting all round him, much of the criticism is sounder and juster than we care to admit. Dare I insinuate the blasphemous opinion that one reason why we do not understand him is because he presents certain elements which are far more French than English, and which only the Gallic spirit can fully appreciate? It is therefore to some future Sainte-Beuve that I confidently look to apply the test of scientific and dispassionate criticism in place of our conventional hysterics, and to grapple honestly with what I believe to be the one great Shaksperian problem, that he whose almost every work proves him to have been the soundest of all philosophers and the greatest of all poets, should have left not a single work which as a whole is worthy of his genius. From this point of view one watches, with lively interest every step in the growth of Shakspere's popularity among *nos chers ennemis*, and a very bold one is

* "Les Sonnets de Shakspeare." Traduits en Sonnets français par Fernand Henry. (Librairie Paul Ollendorf, Paris.)

marked by the complete translation of the "Sonnets," just put forth by M. Fernand Henry.

Partial translations in verse had indeed been made both by M. Ernest Lafond and Mme. Simone Arnaud, and a complete one in 1888 by M. Alfred Copin, but none of them, I believe, in sonnet form. To the admirable prose version of M. F. Victor Hugo and M. Emile Montégut our sonneteer owns his debt. At the outset M. Henry made a fatal mistake, and that from audacity inspired by fear. Had he retained the Shaksperian sonnet-form, his task would have been comparatively possible, but he was afraid lest such an innovation should shock the conservatism of the French public. So he audaciously attempted the impossible by adopting the orthodox Petrarchian form, with its intricate rhymes. It is a thousand pities. In Shakspere the final couplet usually stands quite apart as an epilogue, presenting an epigrammatic summary, moral, or key to the previous poem, and it seems to me that here the precision and *netteté* of French diction might have rivalled the original. As it is, either the couplet must be expanded into the triplet—which is rarely judicious, and often impossible—or the pause in thought which precedes it cannot be marked. Had I space for quotation it would be easy to show how much, not only of *vraisemblance* but of poetical felicity M. Henry has sacrificed to his temerity. Where the couplet is less detached this objection does not apply, as for instance in CLII., which closes with a very pretty and quite Shaksperian turn—"Moi qui mis à mentir de la sorte un tel zèle!"—more delicate, more pathetic, more suggestive of tender remorse than the original, "I, to swear, against the truth, so foul a lie."

The inevitable defect of this version is incompleteness. Many of the sonnets would require from eighteen to twenty-four French verses to convey them. They teem with short words, many lines being entirely monosyllabic. Each possessive case alone adds two syllables to the French. The thought and style are often so involved, so condensed, so elliptical, that a *complete* rendering into *any* language would be rather an expanded paraphrase or commentary than a translation. M. Henry has therefore been forced to leave out a great deal in order to do justice to the rest, which he is often able to translate with remarkable fidelity. Thus his XLIV., which omits many points, closes very aptly thus—

"Et que, tel que je suis, formé de terre et d'eau,
J'aie à subir du Temps la volonté hautaine.
Aussi bien de ce corps ne sort-il qu'un ruisseau
De larmes, symbole amer de notre double peine."

"But that so much of earth and water wrought
I must attend Time's leisure with my moan;
Receiving nought by elements so slow,
But heavy tears, badges of either's woe."

Of course the exigencies of metre have added some superfluities, but we must remember that, though these epithets and turns seem to us rather flat, hackneyed and un-Shaksperian, to the French ear they impart a sense of classic suavity and amplitude. On the whole, M. Henry's version seems to me a remarkable success. Many of his sonnets, regarded as French sonnets, are very elegant, flowing, and agreeable. What is more remarkable is that they do reflect the poet's peculiar turn of thought, though not always his whole thought. Shakspere's Sonnets are a deplorable waste, if not prostitution, of genius—false in principle, false in sentiment, false in expression—artificial, academical, fantastic exercises in sentimental verse, written to flatter, possibly to covertly burlesque, the foolish fashion of his day. But none the less they contain enough poetry to last any one, nay, the whole tribe, of our modern poets for a lifetime. Gems, awkwardly arranged on the jeweller's counter, or jumbled in the pedlar's pack, are none the less precious. M. Henry fixes as many as he can find room for in a tasteful French setting, and though it would be presumptuous for us to forecast the judgment of French critics upon French verse, I think they will pronounce that the gems of thought, however bizarre their form and strange their colour, are of the first water.

To M. Henry's luminous introduction I would gladly devote twenty pages of comment. Unfortunately, he had not seen Mr. Sidney Lee's new work; though I have hitherto been equally unlucky, I understand that it is far less delirious than its rivals. But he runs gaily through the history of the wondrous Sonnet-controversy, with its thousand follies, futilities and ineptitudes, culminating in the inspired revelation of W. H. as "William Himself"—which has ever been more precious to my soul than all the Cryptograms. But, alas! when he comes to the point his courage fails, and with some hesitation he concedes that the Sonnets are autobiographical, because—they look so like it. No, they do not; and even if they did, so do all Shakspere's great dramatic characters; yet he had no experience whatever as a Cardinal, a Roman general, or a Scotch murderess. He never was, never could, never would have been autobiographical. We smaller men may be; he was too great for that. Greater even than introspective Goethe; for what interested him was not the mysterious Ego, but the bright sunlit truth of humanity, in its whole, in its types, in its individuals—to us mystery, but not to him. His was a telescope of marvellous power and accuracy; and his fearless, adamantine eye could dispense with the protection of smoked glass. We modern realists cannot—so we use the microscope, and use it upon ourselves as the nearest and dearest object. Shakspere had more and better things to look at. When the Jubilee procession swept by, did you sit admiring your own boots? He *saw*, compared, reasoned, transfused himself into the given personality, and then wrote—in his Sonnets as in his Plays. And if you insist that all this tempest of emotion, this poignancy of feeling, these surging passions *must* be genuine experience, I reply—you cannot surge in sonnets. Just try! When you suddenly found that She was false, for five minutes you felt all Petrarch and more struggling for expression. Had it leapt to life in a red-hot sonnet your fortune would have been made. But while you were actually surging, you could only deliver yourself—by tongue or pen—in prose, and prose by no means coherent, rhythmical, or chastened, though not without a certain pathos in its uncouth helplessness. That was Nature. Yes, I know you did write the sonnet. But that was Art. You took time to cool down, had your tea and pipe, sat down and pitied yourself for an hour into a luxury of woe, and then with pencil and paper hammered away at those tiresome rhymes, deliberately recalling and conjuring up your past surgings—nay, cunningly and artistically tamper-

ing with them, selecting, rejecting, adding, colouring up and toning down, into what you thought the model lover and poet *ought* to have felt on that trying occasion. But if you were a great poet, it would be just as easy to conjure up other people's surgings—surgings you never experienced. Which is precisely what the creators of Lady Macbeth, and Satan and Tithonus did without one atom of experience—yet how naturally! how deceitfully! Ask Mr. Swinburne, of all poets the most facile, if ever sonnet welled straight from his soul to his pen. No, a sonnet is a work of deliberate Art; its more or less of passion and pathos throw light on the skill of the Artist, not on the life-history of the Man.

Further, M. Henry, after rejecting the other absurd candidates, ends by identifying the famous Mr. W. H. with Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton—the "Mr." and the transposition being "pour dépister la curiosité publique"! Nonsense—they would only have whetted it. Thorpe wants to curry favour with an Earl. The Earl, we are told, strongly objects to his name being connected with the book. Instead of presenting a copy with a *private* dedication, and drawing his little fee, Thorpe sets gossip going by this transparent and impertinent transposition, and so infuriates his patron. Out, out! brief candle!

To fear to tread where so many mortals have pressed in with confident foot would be to pose as an angel. So, just for once, I will dogmatise, so far as to say that in this problem dogmatism is impossible. The authorship, date, origin, occasion and purport of the "Sonnets" present no mystery at all, but merely a case of ignorance—of utter absence of evidence. We possess only two external evidences, neither of much value—the obscure line in Meres, and the affected bombastic bookseller's Dedication. Whether Shakspere wrote all or any of the Sonnets, and in their present form, we have no external proof beyond the publisher's word, though as to most the internal evidence is convincing. Were conjecture of any use, I should incline to take "the only begetter Mr. W. H." as a misprint for W. S., or rather, with Johnson to regard him as some collector and contributor, who may perhaps be some day identified. In either case the clue to the succeeding compliment is now lost. However, the main point is that there exists not one scrap of proof that the Sonnets are autobiographical; and without the very strongest proofs no one who has really read Renascence literature instead of reading about it in discreet manuals, will admit a theory, which involves inferences utterly inconsistent with a nature like Shakspere's, so patently healthy, sane and manly.

But I hear my Neo-Shaksperian reader muttering more in anger than in sorrow—"A barren rascal this—why, he can't identify anybody!" Ah, well! anything to please! Then I identify Mr. W. H. with Mrs. Harris—which unbeknownst to Mr. D., her own sweet name was Wictoria; and the Dark Lady with—Oom Paul. Y. Y.

THE GRUB STREET OF TO-DAY.

By One Who Knows It.

WHEN any man tells you (as some men will) that Grub Street is no longer in existence, you can be sure of nothing except that he is not acquainted with it. The fact is that not only does Grub Street still survive amongst us, but it is larger than ever, and still growing. It is

"Old in new state, another yet the same,"

and in how much or how little it differs from the original thoroughfare, you may perhaps best judge for yourself by considering the stories of some of its tenants.

Let us take Reginald Scribe to begin with. He is a shabby, dogged little man of forty, whose incompetence and self-confidence are equally boundless. When I first came across him he was living in a squalid lodging-house near Gower Street. He never entertained his friends there. When one happened to call, he invariably came down and interviewed him on the door-step, or escorted him to a handy beer-house, explaining that he had no place in which they could talk by themselves, and that he was only put up at that lodging-house temporarily. He lived by writing casual paragraphs for the newspapers and short stories for the poorer class of sensational weeklies; he had contributed two or three 60,000 to 80,000-word serials to a London newspaper at ten pounds apiece; he had written plays which nobody would act, and a problem novel that nobody would publish, but was still living hopefully always on the verge of great happenings—that never happened. At this stage of his career the uncle of his landlady's daughter died and left her fifty pounds. He had previously been paying polite attentions to the girl; he now married her without loss of time, in spite of her mother's objections, and secured the money. But the mother interfering with his literary labours by following him to his new address and demanding some share of the legacy, he secretly departed with his bride to Clacton-on-Sea; and they did not return until all the money was gone. I met him in Fleet Street some months after this, and he had returned to his pristine shabbiness, but was incandescent with the pride of having just secured an appointment as editor of a particular page of a prominent London daily. He was in a mood to own vaingloriously that he had been having "a very rough time," that he and his wife were reduced to the necessity of living in a certain deplorable little court off Holborn, but with this new and permanent appointment he would soon be out of all that.

"They've got plenty of money," he said confidentially. "I started work there last Monday, and—well, my clothes have gone a bit off, and I suppose I don't look altogether the thing to be going in and out of an office like that—so last night they advanced me two weeks' screw—not much y'know, to begin with—and gave me the tip to get a new rig out and a top hat."

Some six months after this I met him by St. Paul's, and he was shabby again. He had lost the editorial position, "owing," he said, "to a misunderstanding." I gathered that just now he was busy as the ghost of a gentleman of means who was not sound in his grammar: they were collaborating in a book on the dramatic profession; his partner supplied all the information, and he did all the writing; his partner had undertaken to pay for the publication, if necessary, and they were to share the profits. Subsequently the book appeared, but its success was so limited that, had he not been thoughtful enough to get his partner to advance something on account of his share in time, he might have had no profits at all. By-and-by he was retained on a once well-known penny weekly that was

dying and wanted a cheap editor. During his tenure of this office he was twice discharged, but firmly refused to quit his post until all arrears of salary had been paid, with the result that the proprietor, who had already lost his capital, lost heart and left the paper to its doom. Reginald is now, as he was at first, writing short stories for the sensational press, and, for the evening papers, paragraphs of topical interest, and on the proceeds has to maintain not only himself, but his wife and child.

There are many others in Grub Street who rely largely for their income on this supplying paragraphs to the newspapers. One such journalist I know, however, who has almost abandoned this precarious pursuit, and lives a little more comfortably by compiling condensed biographies of provincial tradesmen and staid records of their businesses, at the rate of four shillings per thousand words. He and others like him are employed by a society in London that issues a sort of local guide in the chief provincial towns, and the advertisers in each volume are entitled to have such biographies and records of themselves and their concerns incorporated with the general history of the town. A letter from the biographee, his catalogue, and price-list supply all the material the author requires, and as each article must run to about 500 words, he is able to command two shillings for every biography and record he composes.

Hector Pendennis is an elderly journalist of superior education and accomplishments, a University man, with every prospect of a brilliant career—behind him. But he has long since outlived his ambitions, and ascribes his decline and fall to repeated disappointments and irresistible bad luck. When he is sober, he works hard and well for very inadequate remuneration. Nobody knows where he lives. He is to be seen most days in the reading-room of one of certain libraries that are well supplied with foreign technical and trade journals. He reads through these in search of any striking German, French, Italian or other article on any new trade process, plant or machinery, and having made notes thereof, he tours round to the offices of divers London trade and technical journals seeking orders to translate those articles. Some weeks he discovers nothing of sufficient novelty to tempt any of his editors; but generally he can find a market for one or two translations, and in good weeks has earned upwards of two pounds.

Probably you will have noticed, in several very popular weeklies, articles which I have heard generically described as of the "Do Madmen Eat Fat?" order. They are quite a speciality, and usually paid for, as you will see by announcements in the papers, at the rate of a guinea a column. But Evelyn Milton, who was half starving in Grub Street on newspaper paragraphs and very miscellaneous occasional writings, hit upon the happy idea of securing large orders for the "Do Madmen Eat Fat?" kind of article by offering to take reduced prices for a quantity. He called on various editors for whom he had done occasional work of that class, and was not unsuccessful; he arranged to supply it to one of the chief of these papers at eight shillings a column; and other men in Grub Street have done and are still doing likewise. He is thus practically sure of a regular income of from twelve to sixteen shillings weekly, which he supplements with his less reliable journalistic miscellanies. It is a small matter, but, being sure, it enables him to maintain a settled address; there were times when he had to do all his writing in the newsrooms, and by night slept in a somewhat ordinary "doss-house" to the south of one of the bridges.

I fancy that, on the whole, there is about as much learning and genius in Grub Street to-day as was in it of old, but it develops, or withers, under different conditions. The growth of the popular press, the multiplication of cheap periodicals gives the impecunious man of letters a wider though less lofty outlook. The men of learning and genius who decayed in the garrets of last century or the century before, devoted themselves to the compiling and writing of erudite volumes and treatises, and to the translation or composition of lengthy poems, not because they were too great to write for a more profitable popular press, but merely because there was no popular press to write for. They followed the fashion of their times, as their descendants are subdued to follow the fashion of ours. Among men in Grub Street whose knowledge and love of literature is, or was, greater than has gone to the making of many men of letters who have been more successful, I recall one who commenced his career as a writer of occasional essays and poems in the higher-class magazines. His work was full of promise, and he might have realised his youthful ambitions, but in a time of financial embarrassment he tried his hand at song-writing for the music halls. His very first attempt scored an immense success; it was played and ground for a season by every band and piano organ in the kingdom. The prospect of earning money and popularity so easily and instantly was irresistible. He adopted such song-writing as a profession. During the next five or six years he scored several other successes, but none so great as his first; then he began to lose the knack of hitting the public taste, and when I last heard of him he was doing ill-paid hack work for a minor journal, and was glad to sell his latest new song to a small "star," or a new beginner on the variety stage, for "five shillings and a drink." I am acquainted with three other music hall song-writers whose careers have been wonderfully similar to this, but with only one who made a real success of the business, and is the happy possessor of a banking account.

In our days there are as many corners of Grub Street in the suburbs as in the City. Take the case of Brown-Jones. He is a married man with three children, and combines literature with art for a livelihood. Some of the jokes and funny stories and many of the illustrations you come across in the ha'penny comic papers are from his pen. When I was first introduced to him he and his family dwelt in three small rooms on the top floor of a shabby-genteel suburban residence. To maintain himself and his family, he was compelled to eke out his artistic and journalistic earnings by borrowing money of his friends and running into debt. His wife tiring of these methods, they compromised with the landlady regarding some arrears of rent, succeeded in taking a presentable house near by, furnished most of it on the hire system, and proceeded to let it off. When the rooms were let and money coming in, Brown-Jones worked with less and less of ardour. But, unfortunately, the boarders who paid did not stay long,

and those who stayed long did not pay. This affected not only Brown-Jones; his landlord suffered by it, and his tradesmen. In the end he had to concede the hired furniture to the dealers, and the keys to the landlord, and retired to a top floor over a butter shop with less credit than ever and more creditors.

I have given in briefest outline only a few of the lives that have been or are being lived in Grub Street within my own knowledge. You must not look upon any one of them as a solitary instance; each is fairly representative of a type that is not rare. There are women-workers, too, in Grub Street now; and the whole region, I repeat, was never larger than it is at present—there were never more toilers going into it, or fewer coming out.

NEW BOOK COVERS.

THE war, as might be supposed, has had its effect in considerably reducing the production of new works. We have, however, gathered together a few of what we consider to be the most striking, novel, and attractive covers put out during the month.

The design for Mr. W. D. Howells' "Their Silver Wedding Journey" is the work of an American, in fact it is the same as that used by Messrs. Harpers Bros. in New York. The ornamentation is worked on a pale grey art vellum in silver, and looks very delicate and suitable to the subject.

The cover for "From the Front," published by Messrs. Sands and Co., is the work of Mr. F. R. Kimborough, and is executed on a khaki-coloured art linen in black, yellow, and orange. The binders are James Burn and Co., Ltd., and the cover is one of the most effective we have seen for some time.

"Marcelle," Mr. Clive Holland's new novel, has also a cover designed by Mr. F. R. Kimborough. It is worked out in orange, flesh-colour, and black upon a grey-green linen. The book is published by C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd.

The design for the cover of Robert Buchanan's new novel, "Andromeda," is the work of Miss Pemberton. Its treatment is distinctly original, being carried out by James Burn and Co., Ltd., in dark blue and white upon an orange-coloured linen.

The design for the cover of "With Sword and Crucifix," published by Messrs. Harpers Bros., is by Mr. Oliver Collins. It is both neat and effective, and is carried out by James Burn and Co., Ltd., in blue grey, black, and gold upon a grey linen.

Messrs. Key and Whiting have produced a very novel and effective cover for "The War to Date," published by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin. The design itself is worked out in khaki, blue, and black on a grey linen.

The cover for Mr. Frederic Carrel's new novel, "The Progress of Pauline Kessler," published by J. Long, is neat and effective, being worked in a sepia ink on a pale buff cloth.

Felix Gras' new novel, "The White Terror," is

bound somewhat in a similar style to the other two volumes by the same author published by Mr. W. Heinemann. The design is by Miss Shuter, and is carried out in black and gold upon a scarlet linen.

THE JOURNALIST.

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

The Birmingham Press Club, the oldest institution of its kind in the country, has entered upon yet another phase of its chequered existence. For about ten years it was highly successful, but at last got into difficulties, and was re-started in a small room at the Midland Hotel. Shortly afterwards it removed to a larger room in the same establishment, the furnishing and decoration being provided by the members, with the assistance of funds provided by a scheme of life-membership. For the last two or three years it has been housed under similar conditions at the Metropole, but the rooms there being no longer available, fresh quarters had to be sought. For some time it appeared impossible to find suitable accommodation in a central position, and the attendance having fallen off, dissolution was seriously discussed. A special committee, however, was formed whose labours have resulted in a new start under most favourable auspices. Rooms forming part of the premises of the old Liberal Unionist Club in Martineau Street have been taken and fitted up. The expenses of the removal and refurnishing are being defrayed out of a special fund raised by the members with the aid of generous donations from Lord Glenesk (a past president), Sir John Jaffray, Bart., and other life members, and the proprietors of the *Birmingham Daily Gazette*. The club now gives every promise of prosperity. On Friday evening, March 16th, at the concert held to celebrate the opening of the new premises of the club, Mr. Hugh W. Strong, late editor of the *Argus*, and now editor and manager of the *Oxford Chronicle*, was presented on behalf of the club and the Birmingham and Midland Counties District of the Institute of Journalists, with an address beautifully illuminated by Mr. E. Morton, and bearing the names of the subscribers. The address, which was accompanied by a number of books, including a complete set of Meredith's works, recorded the services rendered by Mr. Strong during his residence in Birmingham to the club and to the district and central organisations of the Institute. Mr. A. W. Still, editor of the *Birmingham Daily Gazette*, made the presentation in the presence of a large and enthusiastic gathering of members and visitors.

Mr. William Maxwell, who has been holding a journalistic appointment in the West of England, and was formerly on the staff of the *Scotsman*, has been selected as news editor of the *St. James's Gazette*.

Southport is in danger of becoming proverbial for its rapid changes. The latest appointment on the staff of the *Southport Visitor* is that of Mr. Arthur Oldham from the *Family Churchman*, Fleet Street. He is the successor of Mr. C. V. Crosby, who is now the Southport representative of the *Liverpool Mercury*. Important changes have also taken place on the literary staff of the *Southport Guardian*. The paper changed hands in October last, the purchaser being Mr. J. J. Riley, of Darwen, the owner of several papers published in the locality. The old order of things was continued for a time, supplemented by the purchase of the business, plant, and stock of Messrs. Hudson, Powell, and Co. A few weeks ago the proprietor's son, Mr. Fred Riley, B.A., barrister-at-law, was installed as editor. Mr. Willis Brunt, the sub-editor and chief reporter, has resigned. Two juniors have been appointed, Mr. — Flynt, a son of the former editor of the *Southport Daily News*, and Mr. Lockett, of the *Bingley Chronicle*.

The annual meeting of the Sheffield District of the Institute of Journalists was held at the Press Club on 24th February. Mr. R. H. Dunbar, chairman of the district, presided. Satisfactory reports were submitted. Mr. Dunbar was thanked for his services in the chair during the year of the visit of the Council of the Institute, and Mr. Jacques, *Derbyshire Courier*, Chesterfield, elected in his place.

Mr. Charles Moss, after seventeen years' service, recently resigned the position of managing editor of the *Retford and Gainsborough Times*, the county paper for Notts, published at Retford. He is succeeded in the editorial chair by Mr. A. D. Dunbar, second son of Mr. R. H. Dunbar *(Sheffield Daily Telegraph)*. Mr. F. Atton, a Lincolnshire journalist, joined the staff of the *Retford and Gainsborough Times* simultaneously with the new editor's appointment.

Mr. James Young, who has recently severed his connection with the *Lincoln Leader*, is about to publish a sixteen-page weekly paper in Lincoln. The paper is to have three columns to the page, the centre column being devoted to advertisements and the two outer columns to news.

Mr. John Bell, who has been in the editorial department of the *Globe* for some time past, has been appointed assistant foreign sub-editor on the *Express*.

The committees of the London District charged with making arrangements for the annual conference of the Institute of Journalists to be held in London in September, are busily engaged just now with preliminaries under the tactful direction of Mr. Herbert Cornish, the Secretary of the Institute. The headquarters of the conference will probably be at the Hotel Cecil.

Mr. John Hayward, formerly one of the reporters on the staff of the *Bradford Observer*, has joined the Gallery staff of the *Times*.

Mr. T. Beulah, of Boston, has been elected chairman the Lincolnshire District of the Institute of Journalists.

The committee of the West Riding District of the Institute of Journalists has appointed a sub-committee to arrange, if possible, for the delivery of well-informed and instructive lectures, and the reading of papers on different aspects of journalism in various parts of the district.

At the annual dinner of the *Leeds Mercury* companionship on March 10th, Mr. W. S. Cameron stated that in a year hence they would be able to celebrate the centenary of the taking over of the paper by the first Edward Baines. Two of his great-grandsons were now active members of the staff.

Mr. H. J. Palmer, the editor of the *Yorkshire Post*, urges that the ethical and educational side of the Institute of Journalists should be developed.

Mr. William Marshall, who has been for eleven years on the reporting staff of the *Leeds Mercury*, was on the 20th March presented by his fellow-journalists in the city with his portrait in oils, on the occasion of his leaving to take up work in the London office of the paper. The portrait was the work of Mr. George P. Carruthers, late of the *Mercury* staff, who has been studying portrait painting in Paris under M. Benjamin Constant.

Mr. Joseph Hatton has been appointed editor of the *People*.

Mr. W. Perkins, who has been for several years a Parliamentary reporter and a sub-editor on the *Times*, has joined the staff of the *Standard*. He is the second journalist within a short time who has left Printing House Square for the *Standard* office.

Scotland.

Several alterations and additions have been made in the reporting staffs of the *Scotsman* and *Edinburgh Evening Dispatch*. Mr. Isaac Donald has been appointed chief of the *Dispatch* staff, and Mr. George Williamson has been transferred from the *Scotsman* to the evening paper. Mr. W. S. Robertson, *Dundee Courier*, has been appointed to fill a vacancy in the *Scotsman*, while Mr. Frederick George Innes, *Fife Herald*, and Mr. George Alex. Murray, *Linlithgowshire Gazette*, have joined the reporting staff of the *Dispatch*.

Mr. William Turner has joined the *Edinburgh Evening News* as a junior reporter.

Ireland.

At the annual meeting of the Belfast District of the Institute of Journalists, Mr. Gilbert M. Ogilvie, assistant editor of the *Belfast News Letter*, who was elected chairman, suggested the idea of a Press Club for the city and province. At the same meeting it was also announced by the Hon. Treasurers that the concert recently held in aid of the Orphan Fund in Belfast had realised £150, a cheque for which has been sent to the central office. Much satisfaction was expressed at the success of the concert.

Douglas (Isle of Man).

Mr. James Hartley, who for several years was editor of the *Manxman*, has resigned his position on that journal, and has

been appointed editor of the *Morecambe and Heysham Times*. Mr. Hartley, who was well known in Manx journalistic circles, deeply regretted leaving the Island. Mr. J. P. Callow, the proprietor of the *Manxman*, has taken over the direction of the paper. More than one Manx newspaper proprietor has been "hit" by the failure of Dumbell's Banking Company, Limited.

NEW BOOKS.

IBSEN'S NEW PLAY.*

Perhaps the end of every honest and intelligent controversy about Ibsen is the conviction that he is the Great Anarchist. His criticism of life seems based on diverse and irreconcilable principles. Which are his own personally it is impossible to say. He knows the impulses that sway men's hearts, and he makes his puppets dance to them. One puppet imposes its message of experience on a serious reader, who cries out, "Here is the rule of life for a nobler future," and he is confounded by the very next work of the puzzling dramatist. Ibsen must laugh at his solemn distracted devotees. Says Rubek to the bear-hunter in this play, "Am I to take these as oracular utterances, Mr. Ulfheim?" And Ulfheim answers, "Lord preserve me from playing the oracle!"

This latest work is, at least, as anarchic as any of the others. As for the meaning, if it's not what you please, you can choose between two or three very different-featured truths. He shakes the kaleidoscope of life before your eyes, and when one design seems to embody the impassioned meaning of his most impassioned puppet's words and actions, he has a trick of engaging your sympathies on the other side. The impulsive reader, or the critic in a hurry, may light on this passage and cry that he has found the key:—

IRENE.

"We see the irretrievable only when——

[*Breaks short off.*]

PROFESSOR RUBEK.

[*Looks inquiringly at her.*] When——?

IRENE.

When we dead awaken.

PROFESSOR RUBEK.

[*Shakes his head mournfully.*] What do we really see then?

IRENE.

We see that we have never lived."

Live out your life then as men and women. Do not starve your corporal selves. Do not miss your chances, blinded by an ideal, or by convention, or by languor. But having arrived at the conclusion this is the meaning, the impulsive reader will be bewildered at the end, where two pairs of lovers awaken, and resolve to lead their own lives out, and for result, one couple, the unthinking, the material ones, go off to brutal savagery, and the other, the soulful ones, are swept down in an avalanche. The reader tries one more shot. Is it that only the clods, or the primitive savages of humanity, may live their own life and prosper, while the more highly developed die when they would realise their ideal in the actual world? Hardly, for it may be argued, this particular pair lost their early and best chance, and made the experiment after the world had battered and stiffened them; and their case really proves nothing. I think the meaning is more anarchic, bitterer than that; to most minds terrible. An ordinary life is as the sleep of death. At your peril awaken, for wakening means the sudden knowledge of loss, loss of beauty and joy if you have starved the sensuous part of you, loss of beauty and joy if you have starved the spirit. Man's capacities are so few, so frugal, and his waking desires so vast. Had Rubek long ago made no self-denying ordinance about his beautiful model, he would still have had wild remorse for loss in his waking moments. Had Irene in the old days killed the artist in him and roused the man, she would still have started up in sorrow because her gain had wrought destruction. Maia, we feel assured, if we fall under the spell of the play, woke from sporting with her bear-hunter, and knew the worth of her sculptor, whom she had deserted. Whatever our posture and dreams in the sleep of life, we wake to regret. "Vanity of vanities! All is vanity!" But "Lord preserve us from playing the oracle!"

The symbolism of the play is quite as crude and childish as is usual in Ibsen's, and even more effective. The exception is Ulfheim, who represents the animal man in a quite needlessly brutal fashion. He with his hungry dogs and his talk of blood is at once ridiculous and revolting. But otherwise the dramatist's power of using puerile symbols and making them adequately shadow forth high truths, and his power of defying our sense of humour, are at least as great as ever. There is perhaps a more personal note in this latest play of his. In the expressed joy of Rubek, who bamboozles the public into thinking he is making literal portrait busts of men and women, when "at bottom they are all respectable, pompous horse-faces, and self-opinionated donkey-muzzles, and lop-eared, low-browed dog-skulls, and fatted swine-snouts—and sometimes dull, brutal bull-fronts as well"; in the strong contrast drawn between the life of the man and the poet, he speaks for the general artist, at least, if not for himself. And the poetry and the literature of the piece are more on the surface than in his other recent work. A strange play this, chaotic and unsatisfying. But it gives dreams, and uneasy wakening thoughts, which may not be Ibsen's. We readers are directly addressed and warned.

From Photo by [*W. Hoffert.*

IBSEN IN MIDDLE LIFE.

"PROFESSOR RUBEK.

[*Short, repellently.*] All the world knows nothing! Understands nothing.

MAIA.

Well, at any rate, it can divine something——

PROFESSOR RUBEK.

Something that isn't there at all, yes. Something that never was in my mind. Ah, yes, that they can allgo into ecstasies over."

A. MACDONELL.

* "When the Dead Awaken." A Dramatic Epilogue in Three Acts. By Henrik Ibsen. Translated by William Archer. 5s. and 1s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

KIPLING'S "FROM SEA TO SEA."*

Mr. Kipling has collected in two volumes some further specimens of his earlier work. And this because, as he tells us in his brief Preface, the pirates have been stealing, garbling, and republishing them. Self-defence needs no excuse, and is indeed the best of excuses. So we need not regard Mr. Kipling's fame as involved in the putting forth again of work which no doubt falls short of his present standard. The papers here collected, all written between 1887 and 1889, fall under four series. Of the two longer ones, the first, called "Letters of Marque," consists of nineteen "travel letters," describing a holiday visit to Rajputana; the second of thirty-seven similar letters, under the title of "From Sea to Sea," was written during a pilgrimage through Burmah, Singapore, Japan, and thence across ocean to the Golden Gate, and still ever on and on to the goal, to the Shrine and very Presence in Elmira City of—Mark Twain! And there after a highly successful "interview," the happy Pilgrim sings his *Nunc dimittis*, and the letters suddenly close. Which being quite genuine enthusiasm is not unpleasing; but all the same it would have been well for Mr. Kipling had Mark Twain never been. Like other young men whose taste was yet to form, he was infected with the

* "From Sea to Sea, and Other Sketches." By Rudyard Kipling. 2 vols. 12s. (Macmillan and Co.)

then popular craze for Yankee Innocence with its tiresome exaggerations and ponderous pleasantries; but in his powerful hands the borrowed trick became too like earnest. Instead of mildly amusing, it disturbs, shocks, and depresses. But no doubt by now he has changed all that.

As to the Rajput letters, they were written for Anglo-Indian readers, and are not always easy to follow, being crowded with topical jokes and allusions. Of course they teem with flashes of genius, sense and wisdom, with quaint and seductive turns of thought, and with marvellous impressionist word-pictures. Yet somehow—well, it does not please—it displeases. To this day I cannot understand how so strong a man could ever have been tempted to ruin his work by these American vulgarities. Be forcible, unconventional, coarse, brutal if you like! hunt for atrocities, miseries and horrors to describe and talk about! but why serve them up in flabby indigestible jokes? No quarter should be given to the Innocents Abroad—still less at Home. There they are only savages; here traitors and rebels. America has no literary traditions to insult—we have. What humour would you have stronger, more cynical, bolder or coarser than Swift's; yet if only the Dean could return to catch these Laputan buffooneries being smuggled into his native literature, what a grand slaughter of the "Innocents" we should see! The exaggerations too—how they defeat themselves! Mr. Kipling thinks it witty to say miles, years, heaven and hell, when he only means inches, minutes, faint pleasures and slight discomforts, and no doubt the incongruity of bombarding a fly with heavy cannon may amuse for the second or third time—but not for the thousandth. The result is that one does not believe him when he really means what he says—in fact one never quite knows how much to believe. He boasts of his habit of mystifying his pet aversion, the harmless Globe-trotter—is he mystifying us? The moment we suspect his marvellous photographs to have been altered and touched up, we cease to marvel; we turn with relief from his riotous colour and startling effects to the calm breadth, the learned composition and the luminous atmosphere of the Old Masters of imaginative description. Unless we are sure the realism is all real, one prefers genuine fiction—"Othello" rather than a sensational report of the last East-end murder. Mr. Kipling's is the guilt, not of inventing, not of popularising this American false coin, but of authorising and prolonging its currency by the stamp of his vigorous genius. But he has suffered from it—has missed his rightful place among the highest. Let us hope that he repents.

From Photo by [*Bushby Müller & Co.*

IBSEN IN THE FORTIES.

Lest all this seem too severe, let us take just one instance—the visit to the vast ruined city of Chitor. He ascends the Tower of Victory, where a novel bit of sensationalism occurs to him—"add, most abhorrent of all, the slippery sliminess of the walls always worn smooth by naked men"—so he proceeds to work it up. He descends the path to the famous spring. "The steps had been worn and polished by the terrible naked feet . . . . and where they ended n a rock-slope, there was a visible glair, a great snail-track, upon the rocks." In returning "he had to cross the smooth, worn rocks, and he felt their sliminess through his boot soles. It was as though he were treading on the soft oiled skin of a Hindu." (In these letters he always speaks of himself in the third person, as "the Englishman.") Now this description is repulsive, if true; but is it true? I doubt it. The stairs and rocks were smooth—yes, so are our mantelpieces and spoons—but why slimy? True, they had some centuries of use, but they have had others of disuse to get clean again. I fancy Chitor is not quite rainless, and surely the sun, wind, and dust storms would in time have removed all taint. The fact is that smooth suggested slippery, and slippery slimy, and slimy an opportunity for shocking us, like the smell in "The Mark of the Beast" or the greasy soot in the "Bleak House" spontaneous combustion scene. In each case the repulsive horror is invented and daubed on by the artist; we disbelieve and resent it. And worse, it saps our faith in his most veracious marvels.

The third series is also Indian. It comprises, first, a set of papers called the "City of Dreadful Night," powerful of course, but painful, being slum-nocturnes of Calcutta, somewhat after the fashion of "Sketches by Boz" and Sala's "Twice Round the Clock." Then come papers on the Railway Works at Jamalpur, the Giridih coalfields, and an opium factory—all quite excellent because full of interesting and novel information strikingly presented. The fourth series of eighteen very short newspaper articles under the odd name of the "Smith Administration" is in Mr. Kipling's usual Indian manner with all its faults and merits. Slight and carelessly wrought as they are, they add several authentic human documents to his rich catalogue, such as the "Self-made Man," a Hindu home for a holiday from his Kimberley business.

But the cream of the book is "From Sea to Sea," especially the American part. Here the author is among new scenes, and in a more bracing climate. He is immensely interested and stirred, and often drops his mannerisms altogether, and describes with natural force and directness. Instead of the senile Indian Administrative abuses which he has worn flat by his sarcasms, he is confronted by the corruptions of youth, the primitive Arcadian wickedness of a new world, the unloveliness of the latest civilization, tending, let us hope, to revert to decent barbarism—and like Dickens he speaks out. In few words, by his lofty disdain, his bitter sarcasm, his ruthless veracity, his apt ridicule, he drags before us the one nation, the mongrel horde who *run* America; but at the same time he recognises to the full the sterling merits of that other nation who *make* America—the unconsidered, silent millions of thinkers and workers high and low, who, alas! shun the infamy of public life. For the same reason of novelty, his pictures of life and scenery are here of peculiar force and charm. In truth, "From Sea to Sea" is crammed with excellent matter, instructive, stimulating, and amusing.

It should in justice be remembered that most of Mr. Kipling's early work—and this book especially—was written for serial publication, and it is unfair to read such books straight through. The exuberance of matter, the impressionist rapidity of touch, the strong colouring, the forcible language, the eccentric humour, all tell immensely in a short paper; but the cumulative effect in a long book is naturally oppressive. All the same, I dare not admit the very best journalism among the best of literature. It is because I admire Mr. Kipling and believe his great fame and influence to be honestly earned that I regret—regret but not blame—the style which he so early adopted and which may have become second nature. Had Fortune then directed him to the best models, they would have chastened but could never have warped or dwarfed an originality like his. His great gift is vigour—vigour perhaps unparalleled since Elizabethan days. Had he started with the three Rs, and unbiassed by book-reading, he might have been a world's-wonder of originality. Had he received the strictest and highest discipline his place in fiction might have been not far from Fielding and George Eliot, and in poetry beside Byron. Regret is vain; rather let us be thankful for the faith and courage which drove that raw youth into the arena, to struggle among his seniors for opportunities of work and distinction, and which carried him through toils and difficulties, under which the favourites of the Muses and Graces are trampled to oblivion. He has become more than a name—a potent influence in our world, and that on the whole for good. If his literary manner has encouraged some objectionable modernities, it has at least stemmed the tide of effeminate twaddle. How far his subjects, his views and principles have tended to foster among our youth a too preponderant animalism, I cannot presume to judge, but surely his trumpet has given no uncertain sound in recalling true-born Englishmen to manliness, to sacrifice, to civic virtue, and to self-respect.

Y. Y.

HÖFFDING'S "HISTORY OF MODERN PHILOSOPHY."*

All those interested in the history of philosophy should feel grateful to Messrs. Macmillan for the publication of this excellent translation of Professor Höffding's remarkable work, which is certainly the best history of modern philosophy that has appeared during the nineteenth century, and one which cannot fail to impress its readers with a deep respect for the analytical power and erudition of its author. Almost every section bears witness that Höffding has a first-hand acquaintance with the materials which he discusses; his expositions are models of clearness, and his judgments show a high degree of critical skill. The translator has performed the difficult task of giving a faithful rendering, which is not only free from stiffness, but also in some passages makes the author's meaning clearer than it is in the German edition, which has been for some years before the public. Indeed, the only want is a short appendix dealing with the period from 1880 (where the author's survey ends) to the end of the century, a period which has been rich in minor developments of thought, and which has seen the growth of the new department of experimental psychophysics.

HENRIK IBSEN.
From a recent Painting.

The history of human thought is inextricably bound up with the history of the thinkers; so the author gives in each part of the work a short but comprehensive historical sketch of the personality and environment of each of the great leaders in mental and moral science, as a necessary preface to the examination of his philosophical system. In the discussion of the views of those that have made their mark in the history, he has more especially kept in view the treatment by each, of the four great problems with which philosophy is concerned—the problem of knowledge; the problem of existence, including the relation of the mental to the material; the problem of the estimation of the worth of judgments upon human life, actions, and institutions; and the problem of empirical psychology, or the study of the life of consciousness. The last he regards as the cornerstone of all philosophical enquiry. The aim throughout this history is not to present solutions of problems, but by the comparison of systems to shed light on the question as to what philosophy truly is.

In the middle ages preceding the period at which this history begins, theology had dominated all human thought, knowledge of nature was little, and the observation of the phenomena of human life was limited by the constraints imposed by the Church. The mental energies of thinkers were mostly expended in questions of method and in the prolific elaboration of arguments concerning the inner life and destiny of the soul, and other kindred permitted subjects. Many were doubtless dissatisfied with this condition; but transgression of these prescribed limits was attended with danger, and of some of these more restless souls, such as Petrus de Apono, the Church has taken care that we should know little save the ecclesiastical penalties they incurred. But a time came when the authorised conceptions were confronted with new experiences, and new points of view, and the content of human knowledge became too rich to be confined within the swaddling clothes of the pseudo-Aristotelianism of the schoolmen. New ideas had arisen regarding the human soul, and a new conception of the world had originated as the outcome of the independent observation of nature. This new humanism, the discovery of man with his purely individual emotional life, first took shape among the late Arabian commentators on Aristotle, notably with Averroës and his followers. Among western scholars Pomponazzi deserves the credit of having been the first to enunciate these revolutionary opinions. He was no mere paraphrast of the Arabians, but an independent thinker, teaching that all thought presupposes ideas which in the beginning must have been given through sensuous perception, and also that the Aristotelian definition of the soul makes it impossible for us to accept its independent existence. Hitherto little attention has been bestowed upon this pioneer in philosophy, but we hope that the speedy publication of the researches of Mr. Halliday Douglas, who has made an exhaustive study of all that remains of his life and works, will enable the historian to define more clearly the position he occupied and the influence he exerted in the early struggles of the renascent philosophy. With him Höffding brackets his fellow-countryman Machiavelli, who, though of another stamp, was no mere advocate of intrigue or of opportunism in policy, but a philosophically minded man, albeit lacking in the power to seek for hidden causes beneath the surface of events. The French essayists, Montaigne and Charron, and the Spanish educationalist Vives, belong also to this period; but with none of these did the humanistic element become anything beyond a matter of academic interest. It was in Germany that, under the stimulus of the Reformation, humanism became a political and social power, and Professor Höffding has drawn in a few strokes the picture of the progress towards freedom under Luther and Melancthon, but more particularly under Hemmingsen, Zwingli, and Calvin, out of whose struggles arose the civil, religious, and scientific freedom of modern times.

The new freedom spread like leaven into all branches of human thought. In politics it led to the recognition of the people as the ultimate source of sovereign power, a theory of which Althusius and Grotius were among the apostles. In religion it appeared as a reaction not only against the old ecclesiasticism but against the dogmatism of the Protestant reformers, leading to the formation of schemes of natural religion like that of Bodin, or at a later date that of Lord Herbert; leading also to the growth of mysticism such as that of which Böhme was the chief exponent.

The altered conceptions of nature aided in this warfare of the new against the old. The breaking down of the old geocentric cosmology led to the recognition of the subjectivity of sense impressions, as it replaced the old figure of the universe obtained by immediate perception by one which was a concept of a different order. One of the greatest personalities in this struggle was Giordano Bruno, of whom the sympathetic study is given in Ch. xiii.

Out of these conceptions there emerged a view of nature

* "A History of Modern Philosophy." By Dr. Harald Höffding, Professor at the University of Copenhagen. Translated from the German edition by B. E. Meyer. 2 vols., 30s. net. (London: Macmillan and Co.)

which was practically a new science. The processes whereby the world system was kept agoing were recognised to depend on forces acting according to definite laws which could be deduced from observation and experiment. This raised questions regarding methods of enquiry and the modifications which were needed to fit the old logic to the new conditions. In Bacon these attempts at the reform of methods culminated. His fame here, according to Höffding, is secure, although he believes it necessary to discount the adoration offered to him by his country "which neither his works nor his personality deserve." This is the tone of many of the continental critics, but few go as far as a recent writer, who adduces arguments to prove Bacon's incapacity to write the "Novum Organon," which must be a forgery in his name by a contemporary, possibly Shakespeare! (*Archiv. für Gesch. d. Philos.*, I., III.)

The flood of new facts and ideas rendered necessary a recasting of the whole region of thought. The scholastic system had been swept away, but enough of the spirit of the schoolman survived to make it appear necessary to introduce some new synthetic method, that these new facts should be arrayed in natural groups, and reduced to fundamental notions. Hence arose in the seventeenth century the great systems of Descartes, Hobbes, Spinoza, and Leibniz, each of which professed to replace the old order. In this section of his work Professor Höffding is at his best, notably in his treatment of Spinoza, which is the most masterly and concise analysis of the system of the great Jew given by any historian. The same may be said of the section on Hobbes; the others, though full and able, are not quite so satisfactory or complete.

It was probably due to the contest of the systems, and the failure of any one of them to provide a complete all-comprehensive scheme of nature, that led to the reaction and rise of an empirical school in England in the latter half of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth century. Professor Höffding's

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF HENRIK IBSEN.
From Photo by Nyblin.

appreciations of these English philosophers, especially of Locke, Berkeley, and Hume, are excellent and comprehensive. The study of Hume and his philosophy is able and critical and is a curious and interesting contrast in many respects with Huxley's essay on the same subject. With this school, and especially with Locke, we find that epistemology is beginning to be recognised as an independent branch of psychology. The weakest part of this section is that on Butler. As an element in the history of philosophy his place is small, but Höffding does not treat him with his usual thoroughness, and seems to have given scant attention to the "Analogy." At p. 400 he speaks of the main proposition by conversion being made "into a lance against his own heart." But this point Butler not only foresaw, but he devotes a whole chapter to its consideration, stating the case clearly, and proceeding to analyse and demolish the objection. As an old student of Dublin University, where the "Analogy" was, and I hope still is, one of the compulsory subjects for all students, I look back with pleasure to this portion of my course, and believe that there are few philosophical works of higher educational value than Butler's "Analogy."

The last book of the first volume deals with the period of the French Enlightenment, whose philosophy was in a way the outcome of the work of the English empiricists as seen in the disturbed atmosphere of late eighteenth century France.

The five books of the second volume deal in equally thorough manner with the German Aufklärung, and especially Lessing; Kant and the critical philosophy; the philosophy of Romanticism; Positivism and allied systems; and lastly with modern German philosophy. Of these the section on Kant is the most remarkable, and presents a sketch of the history and development of the system of the great Scoto-German critical philosopher, subjecting it to a rigid examination, and, while thoroughly appreciating it, pointing out those few weaker places which Herder, Hamann, and Jacobi have treated so fully.

The schools which Höffding groups under the title of Romanticists were those who refused to admit the Kantian distinction between the form and the manner of knowledge, who threw overboard the *Ding an sich*, and adopted an extreme of synthesis, whereby some form of idealism was produced and distinctions of externality wiped out. He calls these views romantic because they stand before us sublime and distant, arouse our longing and enthusiasm, but afford little prospect of clear and sober realisation. Fichte, Schelling, Hegel form one group, Schleiermacher a second, Schopenhauer a third. Romanticism in England is represented by Coleridge and Carlyle.

Under the head of Positivism are included not only the positive philosophy of Comte, but also the utilitarian systems of Bentham, James Mill and John Stuart Mill, and the English evolutional school of Spencer and Darwin.

In the last section he deals with the influence of the modern development of physical and natural science, on philosophy as taught in Germany. The conservation of energy and evolutionism have set thought in motion in three different directions; the materialistic school of Moleschott and Vogt rejected the ideas derived from the philosophy of romanticism; the school of Lotze was one of an idealism constructed on a realist basis, and that of Lange asserted the independence of practical idealism over empirical science.

The survey of the vast mass of philosophical literature covered by these names is carried out with a judgment and impartiality that is little short of marvellous. One might perhaps demur to his statement that Lotze never showed an adequate appreciation of the significance of the theory of knowledge. On this he has given his views explicitly in Kleine Schriften iii., 467, and implicitly in many passages both in his "Metaphysics" and in "Mikrokosmus," especially in Book V. It is true that he regards some of the modern theories of knowledge as untenable. Professor Höffding considers that Lotze's assumption that the opposition between matter and spirit as a contradictory opposition, is not a logical but an actual necessity, for, though in real life we know these two forms of existence only, there is nothing inconceivable in the supposition that one or several other forms may exist. But the terms of the definitions of these, if regarded as separate categories, leave no room for such a form or forms, and when we try to conceive such "we have not as it were a generic image showing the possibility of that which we seek."

There is a tendency among students of natural science towards an excessive specialising, due to the prodigious amount of detail that must be mastered by any one who desires to fit himself for the work of research in any department of natural knowledge. To some extent also the experimental method, dealing as it does with objective phenomena completely outside ourselves, is apt to lead the researcher to forget that there is any relation between the psychical processes of his own mind and the results at which he arrives. One of the best

correctives of this defect is the careful study of such a work as this, which faithfully pourtrays the efforts of the greatest minds that have ever thought, to solve the fundamental problems that lie at the root of all knowledge.

ALEX. MACALISTER.

THE AGE OF JOHNSON.*

The uniform excellence of Mr. Seccombe's manual of English literary history from 1748 to 1798 affords scarcely any opening for detailed criticism. Little can be said, except that everything is just as it ought to be: the arrangement perfect, the length of the notices justly proportioned, the literary judgments sound and illuminating; while the main purpose of conveying information is kept so steadily in view that, while the book is worthy of a place in the library, the student could desire no better guide for an examination. Mr. Seccombe's powers are clearly in excess of the measure requisite for his present task; and when the need of an introduction allows him to rise to a general view of his period, or he permits himself to expatiate as in the case of a favourite author like Burke, he writes not

From Photo by] MR. THOMAS SECCOMBE. *[Elliott & Fry.*

only ably, but finely. We may occasionally incline to differ from his personal estimate of some one of his heroes; the literary estimate almost invariably commands assent. If we are disposed to quarrel with him about anything, it is for his depreciation of Mrs. Radcliffe, who succeeded perfectly in everything that she undertook, and cannot be taxed with failure in what she never attempted. The immediate success of Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations," of which Mr. Seccombe gives proofs, is even more strikingly evinced by its being appealed to as a standard authority by Sir Philip Francis in a minute written at Calcutta in the December following its publication. In this connection it may be worth mentioning that we have seen an unpublished letter from Warren Hastings, speaking of Francis somewhat to this effect: "I never saw anything in him to make me think him capable of writing the Letters of Junius." It would have been strange if he had! yet the opinion ought to be preserved.

The single defect of Mr. Seccombe's book is one for which not he, but the plan of the series of which it forms part, is responsible. While it is distinctly demarcated from the literary age that follows, there is no corresponding line of severance between it and the preceding literary period. It thus has something of the air of a book begun in the middle; and, in fact, it has been found expedient to insert in the index monitory notices that several authors who might have been expected to occur in it are over the hills and far away. This was inevitable, the literature of the eighteenth century being far too rich to be condensed into a single volume; but it suggests a field for the literary historian which few could occupy more efficiently than Mr. Seccombe himself.

RICHARD GARNETT.

* "The Age of Johnson, 1748-1798." By Thomas Seccombe. Handbooks of English Literature, edited by Professor Hales. (George Bell and Sons.)

TWO NEW ANTHOLOGIES.*

These two small volumes will be welcome to idle scholars —to those, that is, who still read classical literature for pleasure, and who care little for those subordinate and technical investigations with which so many professed students of antiquity seem nowadays chiefly to concern themselves. About the supposed orthography of the primitive Homeric text or the exact value of the "Blandinian" readings in Horace, the idle scholar is for the most part indifferent, but he appreciates classical poetry and enjoys seeing a favourite bit of English verse put neatly into Greek or Latin. The *Arundines Cami*, the *Sabrinæ Corolla*, and similar books are old friends in whose company he has beguiled many spare moments, and he will be glad to make new acquaintances of the same sort. Probably, when he does so, his verdict will be that the new are not quite so good as the old, and that the past generation of scholars, whose interest in the classics was almost wholly literary, wrote with an ease and vivacity which their more "painful" successors cannot fully attain. There is, for instance, probably nothing in these volumes quite equal to the early Porson exercises, to Kennedy's undergraduate version of "Go, lovely Rose!" or to the rolling Hexameters of T. S. Evans. But, on the other hand, there is throughout much that will please, and this is especially the case where the writers have chosen their subjects wisely. Thus, for example, in the *Anthologia* there are a number of renderings of Shakespeare's sonnets into elegiacs which are wholly admirable, and in the other volume the same may be said for many translations of short pieces from Cowley, Prior, and, above all, Herrick. In these instances the original is as a rule terse, clear, and pointed, owing its charm not to tricks of manner but to beauty of idea, so that it lends itself to reproduction and seems even to win new grace in new attire. The best classical style is above all things simple, and for that reason there is much modern poetry which a classical dress cannot possibly suit. For example, when Mr. Browning writes, "Bitterly we re-embrace, Single still," and Mr. Sidgwick gives as his version of it πικρὸν | ἀγκαθὲν ἐξεύχθαι κῆρι διεσταότας, no one can fail to admire the simple beauty of the original and the equal beauty of the translation; but when the same writer tries to reproduce "O lyric love, half-angel and half-bird," the attempt is hopeless and the result such rubbish as this:—

ὦ φίλη, ὦ θελας κρείσσων κορυδοῖο μελωδεῖν,
ὦ θαμβοῦσα φόως, ποθέουσά τ' ἀθέσφατον ἆσαι.

It is the same with such a passage as Tennyson's "Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control." It will not go into Greek even to please so good a scholar as the Provost of Oriel (*Anth.*, p. 163), nor can Mr. Stone (*Flor.*, p. 121) charm Collins' "Ode to Evening" into Latin Lyrics. Even Horace could not have written sixteen stanzas describing rural scenery without becoming wearisome, and the very conception of a Latin ode excludes long descriptive passages, so that the result obtained by the translator connot compensate for the labour bestowed on his work. But, as Mr. Stone himself observes in an elegant copy of elegiacs with which he introduces his volume—

hoc scio, iucundus labor est; quod restat, amici,
vos operi nostro velle vacare sat est.

Writing Latin and Greek verses is a task which gives pleasure to the writers. Those who read them find an almost equal pleasure in appraising, and often in criticising, the workmanship, while the interest taken in such translations is a

* "Florilegium Latinum." Translations into Latin verse from pre-Victorian poets, edited by F. St. T. Thackeray and E. D. Stone. 7s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

"Nova Anthologia Oxoniensis." Translations into Greek and Latin verse, edited by Prof. R. Ellis and A. D. Godley. 6s. (Clarendon Press.)

happy proof that a taste for polite letters is not yet extinct in England. It will be an ill day for learning when such volumes as these cease to be produced or cease to be read among us; and for that reason, as well as for their intrinsic merit, their appearance deserves, and will receive, a hearty recognition.

T. E. PAGE.

AN ARGUMENT FOR MONISM.*

I am not acquainted with any other writings of Professor Royce; but this volume I have read, and doubtless shall read again, with pleasure and profit. American, Hegelian, and Monistic though it be—three serious *prejudicia* in the eyes of an orthodox philosopher against a book so launched into the world—it has merits of no common order. The language is chastened,—an excellent if slightly diffuse English; the arguments are lucid even when they fail to convince; a fine enthusiasm for pure thought gives them warmth and throws over them a romantic interest. Professor Royce would not claim to be simply original; but much as he stands in debt, like the rest of us, to Greeks, Germans, and scholastics of the Middle Age, his meditations are his own, pursued with a vigour and insight most refreshing when we call to mind that such will be the teachers of America in the coming century. One takes comfort in hearing the accents of Plato at Harvard, with possible echoes at Chicago and San Francisco. The Academy, we say to ourselves, may one day supplant or idealize the stockyard, and a true doctrine of Being control the monomania of Wall Street. Herein, as I think, lies the significance of volumes such as these. They are a protest, and a prophecy of better things.

For the teaching itself, I would gladly enlarge upon it, but time and space—phenomenal yet real—decline to accommodate me. What is "Monism"? asks the hasty reader. I know, but I cannot tell him; let him learn something about it from Professor Royce. However, these hints may be thrown out. The Monist is one who believes in the ultimate identity of all thought and all being; if, like the present author, he is religious-minded, then he proclaims his "assurance of the unity of God and the World." He may also be an Idealist, rejecting every conception of "matter" which does not at last resolve it into an unadulterated term of thought. And such is the Professor's attitude. Moreover, in the attempt, which must be made somehow, to reconcile the One with the Many, to shut up the Effects in the Cause, to establish Freedom while maintaining Order, it will be advisable to look round for help from the artist and the mathematician, who concern themselves precisely with a development, through stages and towards an end, or "final cause," of thought which seeks its realisation. But there never was an art without an Idea, and all true Ideas must be brought to the touchstone of experience. Thought is Nature, and Nature is God, as He lives the infinite life, in all worlds and orders, which are but the unfolding of His Reality in an experience without end.

To arrive at these conclusions our guide takes us along four stages of the metaphysical journey; and here I am reminded of Victor Cousin's once famous *Lectures*, not nearly so profound as these, and less instructive. The student will catch glimpses by the way of snowy heights and glittering waters; Plato will stand up with his shining spears, Hegel frown from near at hand like the Finsteraarhorn, Schopenhauer rise solitary and forbidding like the unascended Matterhorn, in a wilderness of his own making. Or, to drop similitudes, we pass through Realism, which would utterly divide between "things" and "thought," to the experience of the mystic, as undeniable as it is significant of the unity we demand; but, not satisfied with his Nirvana, we find ourselves driven to seek a validity for the ideas we cannot surrender—yet have hitherto not realised—in some stable universe. We have a meaning which ought to be valid; facts have a reality upon which we want to put a meaning. How shall this marriage be brought to pass? Instead of casting out finite experience with the mystic, and so falling into a bottomless Nirvana, we must see in the particulars which no man may count a plan that is the very structure of our mind, the term we are bent on actuating. For us, says this teaching, "the object is simply the completely embodied will of the idea." But again, the idea is no empty "universal type," as in a Kantian world of abstractions. Transcend we must the bounds of human consciousness, or no ideas are valid, no objects have a meaning. There is, then, a Divine Life, an "inner purpose," and it is fulfilled in the development of Deity. The One explains the All by realising it. On these heights we may chant our Hymn of Being with Shelley and Goethe; or taking up a prose dithyramb before which their golden verses pale, we may recite from Plato's *Phædrus* and *Symposium* the creed of the Heavenly Eros. For it would thus at length appear that Law is at one with Love, and Thought is Life, and to realise ourselves in the Eternal Order is Freedom.

Does the Professor prove all this? Perhaps not. He is discussing the ineffable; and what are words, even the most transparent, but shadows cast from our wavering uncertain minds? He shall prove what he can prove. I, as in duty bound, signal rocks ahead, and sunken reefs; we do not reject or despise the category of Cause without peril to religion, to society, to morals. When the individual dreams that his conscious idea, got anyhow, and suffered to range at will, is working out God—a phrase not found in this book, yet perhaps its sum and substance—one fears what may come of it. Pantheism looks on the sowing of wild oats indulgently; will not every seed, it murmurs, ripen to a harvest in due season? Or, as Theodore Parker used to tell us, "Is not every fall a fall upwards?" The witchery of Monism lurks like a sweet but deadly drug in its promise of freedom for *me*, as an embodied portion of the All. Then steps forward the American youth, sanguine and unfettered, to act the god on a clear stage—with consequences! We sad-faced Europeans, who know how little money can buy, and have seen much experience come to naught, desire indeed that fortune-hunting should be tempered by ideals, and so we bid Professor Royce to prosper. But we feel that his rose-coloured glasses may have transformed Satan into an angel of light. The mystery of evil is not solved, and its reality will be intensified, by a Monism that considers life as a fine art but overlooks it as a tragedy, in which failure is too often the last word.

WILLIAM BARRY.

* "The World and the Individual." Gifford Lectures delivered before the University of Aberdeen. By Josiah Royce, Ph.D., Professor of the History of Philosophy at Harvard. (Macmillan.)

EARLY ESTIMATES OF BURNS.*

This book is so good and useful—except, perhaps, to the by no means few who are tired of seeing Burns as others saw him darkly through the glasses of personal bias or class prejudice—that I hesitate to hint that it might have been better. Dr. Ross is one of the sanest as well as most indefatigable of Burns enthusiasts, and therefore one may hint to him without fear of misapprehension that in the event of a second edition of this book being called for, he might do worse than include in it some of the crisp sentences in which some of Burns's contemporaries, such as Wordsworth, expressed their sentiments towards him. If Scott and Jeffrey, Wilson and Carlyle are to be cited, why not Byron, who understood Burns better than any man of his day, and who endorsed Henry Mackenzie's shrinking association of the "heaven-taught ploughman" with Shakespeare? And then, while it is quite right to give us Currie and Mackenzie and Peterkin and the fearful and wonderful Josiah Walker, why ignore poor Robert Heron, who wrote the first Burns biography? He was a "thrawn" malicious creature, no doubt; but then he was a realist, and he did know something of Burns—to the cost of both. (By the way, is there not in the University Library of Edinburgh a manuscript diary of this poor stickit minister and waif of letters—a human document which reveals him as a sort of Amiel gone to whisky, a compound of spirituality and spirituosity, of tears, toddy, and prayers? And if it is, should it not be printed?) Yet taking this book as it stands, it must be allowed to give a very fair representation of the first half-century of Burns criticism, from 1786 to 1829. Currie and David Irving are controverted by Alexander Peterkin; Josiah Walker is met—and unmercifully castigated—by John Wilson; Carlyle's great essay is an effective answer to those of Jeffrey and Scott. These two last are the poorest on the subject that have appeared from the pens of men who received generous recognition at the hands of their own contemporaries. Neither took the trouble to thoroughly master the facts of Burns's life; both regarded him from the "superior" standpoint of Edinburgh middle-classishness—a standpoint which has in our own day had a comic

* "Early Critical Reviews on Robert Burns." Edited by John D. Ross, L.D. (Glasgow and Edinburgh: William Hodge and Co.)

survival in Stevenson's description of the mediocrities that Burns met as "magnates." Fancy Scott, who ought to have known better, writing such nonsense as the description of Burns as "so poor as ever to be on the very brink of absolute ruin, looking forward now to the situation of a foot-soldier, now to that of a common beggar, as no unnatural consummation of fortune"! Imagine, too, Jeffrey, in his character of dapper dictator of letters, saying, "He had evidently a very false and crude notion of what constituted strength of writing; and instead of that simple and brief directness which stamps the character of vigour upon every syllable, has generally had recourse to a mere accumulation of hyperbolical expressions which encumber the diction instead of exalting it, and show the determination to be impressive without the power of executing it"! Of the essays here given, the best are Carlyle's and Wilson's. Wilson entered more heartily than Carlyle was capable of doing into that "social" side of Burns which he himself most appreciated. Yet the first notice of Burns of any real consequence—that of Henry Mackenzie—was quite as just as any of its successors, and more generous than most. There was a kernel of good in the Man of Feeling; certainly something better than Jeffreyan "superiority" dictated the gentle hint, "There are exceptional parts of the volume Burns has given to the public which caution would have suppressed or correction struck out; but poets are seldom cautious, and our poet had, alas! no friends or companions from whom correction could be obtained."

WILLIAM WALLACE.

WHAT IS POETRY?*

Mr. Holmes is fully aware of the impossibility of answering the question he considers in his essay. But the insoluble attracts him. "I see in the failure which awaits us all convincing proof that the problem is worthy of our highest endeavours." In these words he proves himself made of the right stuff. Only those who believe in magic, and who fret at what are called the limits of human knowledge, have any business with such a problem at all. His essay is dignified, beautiful, and timely, and at this time of day surprising. He is not afraid of saying trite things; he is not in awe of present opinions; he dares not only to be serious-minded but sober-mannered. He has a very orderly mind; and for the sake of completeness he says more than he need save to the young student of literature. But the essay is not specially addressed to young students. The most mature will find matter for thought; and, in spite of its quiet style, there are not a few daring challenges in its pages.

Those who know Mr. Holmes's "Silence of Love" will not be astonished to learn that his ideal of poetry is a somewhat classical one—using classical in its best sense; that he conceives poetry as addressed to the universal rather than the exceptional in man, and thinks it should conform strictly to certain rules of harmony and coherence instinctively known or learnt by the elect. His views are conservative; but his loves among the poets are catholic. Many old things which he says will sound new to this generation, because they have been neglected, scouted, revolted from in practice, but not necessarily defeated therefor. It would be pleasant to quote many words of sober beauty, of robust common sense, of quiet, persuasive courage against many theories and sects of the day. But we must send readers to the book itself, and perform the more ungrateful task of calling attention to the points that rouse our argumentativeness.

Now and then we think Mr. Holmes is fighting shadows. Who are they—among the modern poets—who "would substitute closeness of observation for genius, and scientific study for emotional insight"? There are wonderfully few words of unreality in his work, but we hear a hollow sound in that section relating to self-knowledge. To gain self-knowledge we are told to "live strongly and vividly." Many strong and vivid livers are babes in knowing about their inner selves. Self-knowledge is more likely to result from prolonged effort in various circumstances, and from keen suffering; but in reality it is a special gift like genius. Again, when Mr. Holmes says that a poet "never, even for a passing moment, mistakes the symbol for the thing symbolized," we have no hesitation in asserting that he is very far and very seriously wrong. Then, too, he does not make a clear enough distinction between the poet and the artist in the poet's nature; and in his interesting contrast between personality and individuality he confuses the latter with eccentricity. The individuality of a poet, the peculiarities of intellect, character, temperament, even such as he derives from his time, are of intense interest. To deny this is to deny all the romantic movements, to reduce one's ideal to a chill classicism and an agreement with M. Bruneti èrealone. Mr. Holmes would not go so far in practice. But he runs his "universal" theory too hard. He says very sensible things about the poet's vocabulary, which he thinks need not be enlarged in a hurry. But when he scouts those—and he takes them as a type—who would use "saffron" and "amber" for golden, he is not very happy. His example is badly chosen, for only a colour-blind poet would dream of interchanging these words. And if he means that vague general words are best, he is contradicting an excellent earlier portion of his own essay, and the practice of all the best poets, past, present, and, we hope, to come.

MR. EDMOND HOLMES.
From Photo by Hill and Saunders.

And so ends our ungracious task of putting our fingers on the weak spots of a strong and serious and dignified piece of work, which rouses admiration in us far more than disagreement.

* "What is Poetry?" By Edmond Holmes. 3s. 6d. net. (Lane.)

TOLSTOY'S NEW NOVEL.*

The creator of Anna Karenina and of the teeming life of "War and Peace" voluntarily laid aside his creative powers before their decay to dedicate himself to another task nobler in his eyes. His apostleship is now the breath of his very being, and the interpreter of actual humanity has in great part disappeared before the visionary and the gently stubborn reformer, the publisher of peace in a world of strife. But the earlier man has not all died. His marvellous perceptive powers are in his latest work still occasionally exercised in portraiture of types, strong, truthful, and subtle, in the contrivance of scenes of peasant life, of fashionable society in Petersburg, in law-courts, and prisons. These scenes, these types, are the work of a master. But they are only survivals; they are merely used as background, setting, accessories, chorus, to the main stream of the narrative, the main design of the book. "Resurrection" is propaganda as much as "The Kingdom of God is within you." And while the artist in one of his readers may declare that the pictures of a young man's new awakened heart, and of Easter Day in the country are those he will remember, it is very doubtful if the fact will turn out so, for the diversion of the earlier power has not reduced the essential strength nearly so much as the artist in us looked for. The diverted strength reappears not merely as high purpose, but as genius in the preacher.

The main theme of the book is this: A young man belonging to the best circles, wealthy, cultivated, refined, serves on a jury one day that convicts of robbery and poisoning a woman he recognises as having formerly been a dependent of his aunts. When she was very young he had stolen her innocence. Her career since then had run from bad to worse, though she was not guilty of these particular crimes. The episode rouses him to a sense of his responsibilities. Once he had been aspiring, enthusiastic, pure. Now he is of the world worldly, and she, whom he first turned from the strait path, has been doomed by him to degradation. Finally, he resolves to make reparation; and one resolve leads to another. He gives up his land to his peasants in accordance with his early views, follows Máslova to Siberia, and determines to marry her. She is not not all corrupt yet. The thought of his sacrifice, the new life she leads among the political prisoners, with whom, by special permission, she makes her journey to exile, awaken the buried good in her. One of the political prisoners, a high-minded, sexless enthusiast, determines to marry her, and she consents,

* "Resurrection.' By Leo Tolstoy. With Illustrations by Pasternak. Translation by Louise Maude. 6s. (Henderson.)

probably to save her old lover, who accepts his freedom only to devote himself to the suffering and sinning, to life in actual accordance with the teaching of the Gospels.

In some press notices prefixed to the book a writer is quoted as saying, "Resurrection might have been written by Zola in collaboration with the prophet Isaiah." Nothing could be more inapt; Zola, indeed, could hardly surpass in liberal horror of detail some of the descriptions of prison life, of prisoners on the march, and a few glimpses into the sorry life of a prostitute. But the prophet's voice is not that of Isaiah. Indignation has no birth in Tolstoy's soul. A deep and all-embracing pity is born there. The world is full of misery and sin; and anger and punishment are of no avail. Rich and poor, learned and unlearned, are in need of the great cleanser, the great liberator. If once you begin to condemn, where can you stop? The tyrants and the oppressed are alike in need of pity and understanding. Tolstoy makes the prisoners, the reformers, the officials, and the socially degraded all speak, and they each blame the rest and cry out for revenge or punishment. He blames none. All humanity is groaning under the same yoke, the yoke of sin and law and force. His delicately-bred, fastidious hero keeps strange company, and lives in unsavoury places once his mission is begun. But scorn and loathing die. He loves as soon as he serves. That is the great resounding cry of the book. Gentle it sounds, and meek. There never was anything harder, more impossible, save by grace. Service to humanity, not by committees, or laws, or wholesale reform, but by individual goodness. Each man owes it to his neighbours that he himself do justly and love mercy. The right to gratitude, the right of punishment and of revenge, all disappear. Love is the only law that cannot err. Only through it will dawn the Easter of the world. Love, then, and listen to your own inner voice. No priest or church or ritual or outer counsellor will avail. "To thine own self be true." This is the high and hard individualism that sounds with a long beseeching voice through "Resurrection." It presents a task that reaches to each man's utmost limits, but maybe not altogether transcends those of the humblest. At least, as cure and balm for the ills of the world, this must be said of it: It is still untried.

THE BENDING OF THE BOUGH.*

In an elaborate preface Mr. Moore explains to us why he preferred to have his play produced in Dublin rather than in London. But a serious student of the drama is first of all concerned with the question whether the play was worth producing at all. Mr. Moore's views as to the future home of the arts in these islands, as to the value of the several arts, and as to the mission of the theatre, whether solidly based or not, are interesting but quite irrelevant as prelude to the work of one who has still to prove himself of some account in writing for the stage. Indeed, a reader needs no guide to the reason why the play should have had a kinder audience in Ireland than here, and it is a simpler reason than that to which the author points.

"The Bending of the Bough" is one of those few plays—offered rather to the Irish than the English public—that have been written for "love of art." So we are told. For art many unavailing sacrifices are made. If it had been published in the name of patriotism no one could have cried failure. It is an ingenious fable in which the relations between England and Ireland are shadowed forth in the intercourse between two towns, the prosperous Southhaven and the poor ruined Northhaven. Northhaven has been induced to sell its fine line of steamers to Southhaven for certain advantages, including social patronage, which was not named in the bill. The money dues have not been all paid up by the rich neighbour, which of course has gained the means of attracting capital to it, and all kinds of material well-being. Some Northhaven agitators desire to break the unfair contract, and start their own line of steamers again; others are content to ask that their bill should be paid. Southhaven pooh-poohs the thing, and offers to make a tramway for its poor neighbour, while the Mayor proposes to build a house and live in Northhaven part of the year. So there we have not only the Home Rule question shadowed forth, but the agitation of the Financial Relations Committee, and the matter of a royal residence as well. It is all very neat and ingenious, and, of course, quite unimaginative. Allegory—which is the poles apart from myth and poetic symbolism—is a detestable bastard art, the weakness of which only one or two great geniuses have overcome. It serves ordinary ends indifferently well, and though the high and tragic story of Ireland seems unnecessarily belittled in this fable, let that pass. Mr. Moore has contrived a popular illustration of a condition of things which he has in no way exaggerated.

So far we have only met the patriotism. Then let us seek the art, for, alas, we did not meet it on our way through the book. But we diligently turn back to look for it. How is the situation developed? How are the characters conceived? They are not conceived at all. They are so many prating puppets with labels on their back: Strong Enthusiast, Shaky Enthusiast, Practical Man, Schemer, Weak Person, Trimmer, and so forth. Surely the costume designer for the Dublin theatre was hard put to it to differentiate them externally. To this there is only one exception. The bright spot in the play is Foley, a journalist, who justifies his frequent change of views by declaring "there is some truth in everything, though the truth of to-day is not always that of yesterday," and thinks "the intolerable is not to have large and noble views of what life should be and to expound these views in language as—as—" Foley is only too brief a spark. The hero, Shaky Enthusiast, otherwise Jasper Dean, has the ear of the people. (His conversational style, by the way, is not attractive.) He will lead them to shake off the fetters of Southhaven. But he is in love—though nothing in his demeanour or speech to the lady proves it—and if the Southhaven trade is interfered with, his future wife's income will be reduced. He is nobly obstinate for a while, talks Nationalism and very irrelevant folk-lore, and prates about gods among the lonely hills—which in the circumstances sounds less like poetry than blasphemous quotation. Then he turns round, and says he really couldn't reduce his wife's income, and he is in love, you know, and all that. The agitation is over, for he alone has the ear of the people. Poor people!

Mr. Moore is, for the moment, an immense admirer of Ibsen. Ibsen is undoubtedly a great stage craftsman, but he is an unfortunate while a convenient model. Ibsen in his later plays has mostly defied the poet within him, and has mutilated the man of letters. But the poet is too real to be resisted at all times, and there is much implied poetry beneath a surface singularly wanting in beauty. He is, therefore, we repeat, a most convenient and unfortunate model for lesser men who in his name give rein to all the prose within them, as Mr. Moore has done here. "The Bending of the Bough" is unmitigated prose. Its language, like its whole conception, is good enough for an ordinary political squib, and no better. But then, though a Dublin audience may listen with patient courtesy to what so solemnly reflects its own sentiments, the thing is not lively enough to be put to electoral use. And that in the name of art, or even in the name of country, a dull thing should with such ceremony be offered to Ireland rather than to its phlegmatic neighbour—this is Ireland's newest wrong.

* "The Bending of the Bough." A Comedy in Five Acts. By George Moore. (Unwin.)

THE NEW LUCIAN.*

This new issue of Mr. Traill's best work is a keen reminder of the loss to letters caused by his death. Certain portions of it, too, rouse another regret. Mr. Traill's quick, analytic mind enjoyed looking all round a subject. His ready understanding of every aspect of a question gave him advantages as a controversialist. When he had adopted a side he could forestall his opponent's arguments and overcome them by specially chosen weapons. Journalism gave him only too much opportunity for this, and the strong bias of his emotional nature fought with his natural intellectual habit of nice discrimination between different attitudes. Something of the fine, subtle, suggestive critic was lost, sacrificed it may be wittingly and willingly to the crying needs of the hour as he honestly understood them. Here in some of these Dialogues the natural man, the sane, cool, and sympathetic critic, appears. Those on "Gladstone and Gordon," on "Parnell and Butt" deal with matters of conduct about which our passions have too recently been inflamed to enable us to judge rightly. If Mr. Traill seems now and then to be unfair, so probably would seem our criticism of him. But most of the others are concerned with

* "The New Lucian." Being a Series of Dialogues of the Dead. By H. D. Traill. New Edition, Revised and Enlarged. (Chapman and Hall,)

subjects of eternal interest, ever needing fresh consideration, never growing stale. Nor are such as deal with matters on which no election turns wanting in spirit. The conversation between Johnson and Coleridge concerning "The Ancient Mariner" most excellently represents the commonsensible, violently rude old controversialist in face of a romantic literature, and the helplessness of the romanticist, in front of such incontrovertible, colossal commonsense. In "Plato and Landor" is uttered the wrath of Landor at the sham Hellenism of a later generation than his own, a Hellenism that omits "simplicity, manliness, repose, reserve," all the Hellenic essentials. "Is it Greek," he cries, "to be for ever pulling a long face at Pan, and begging him to leave his piping and answer riddles? Is it Greek to have no sense of a soul of immortal gladness in all things? Greek, to whine eternally over human destiny and clamour fretfully to the Powers who have ordained it?" Of still more universal interest is the old question treated of in "Lucian and Pascal," where the Pagan and the Christian sage argue out once more the value of their several attitudes to life. Such high matters, too, are dealt with, though less successfully we think, in "Lucretius, Paley, and Darwin." But, though dignity and a large outlook mark all these, it is on a less elevated plane and on narrower grounds that he shows his peculiar excellence. He can breathe life into old controversy grown stale to most of us, and use it for lighting up the bye-paths of history and interpreting human character. "Wilkes and Lord Sandwich" is a good example, and "Westbury and Wilberforce" is still better. It is, indeed, the masterpiece of the book for its graceful malice, its keen-edged satire, for the fine style of its thrusts. The Bishop quotes St. Paul's "all things to all men" to justify the social ambitions of the higher clergy, and Westbury smiles back in answer, "The Pauline descent of your lordship's versatility was unmistakable; and it must indeed have been gratifying to you to reflect that the display of those accomplishments which so charmed our dinner-tables was indirectly tending to establish the validity of Anglican orders."

THE LATE MR. H. D. TRAILL.
From Photo by Elliott and Fry.

NOVEL NOTES.

BY ORDER OF THE COMPANY. By Mary Johnston. 6s. (Constable.)

This is certainly the most striking historical romance we have read for a long time, and we congratulate Miss Johnston on a notable achievement. "The Old Dominion" was exceptionally good, a first book of really extraordinary promise, but "By Order of the Company" is in every way a finer piece of work. The plot, intricate and daring in the extreme, is built up with surer hand; the characters are clearer cut, more individualised; the author's touch throughout is firmer, more mature. The setting of the story is so novel, the first few scenes so fresh and strange, that the reader of modern historical romance, who has become accustomed to long and wearisome introductions, mere catalogues of names, and pedigrees and dates, experiences a shock of delight at having his interest and attention gripped at the very outset. "By Order of the Company" starts off at full speed, and rein is never once slacked till the final goal is reached. Adventure follows adventure, and the clash of arms resounds through the book, while a tender and very touching love interest is mingled with the story of deed and daring. "By Order of the Company" is a book we heartily recommend to all in search of really first-class romance.

PHARAOH'S BROKER. By Ellsworth Douglass. 6s. (Pearsons.)

Another Mars story, and a very ingenious one so far as the start for the planet and the journey there are concerned. The sudden disappearance of Mr. Isidor Werner, a Chicago broker, under mysterious circumstances, gave rise to all kinds of conjectures, but none of them reached the wonder of the reality. His journey with Dr. Anderwelt, of Heidelberg, in the aerial projectile, is described with a detail which is full of interest to the ignorant, and will doubtless give the scientific abundant opportunity for disputation. But their arrival in Mars, and their residence there, are not a little absurd. When we hear of flaxen-haired children, and an old Egyptian civilisation, and a Pharaoh for a governor, and Hebrew as the means of intercourse, we can't help thinking Mr. Werner and his friend went very far to find so little novelty.

FEO: A Romance. By Max Pemberton. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

This is an excellent novel. When a deferential man who uses an eyeglass, carries a gold-and-amber-headed cane, wears the ribbon of an Austrian order in his buttonhole, is a soldier self-confessed, and at his ease wherever and with whomsoever he may find himself—when such a man, in the second chapter, drops unexpectedly into the shabby lodging of an impecunious scion of a noble house, father of a beautiful singer, we know that there are smart doings ahead. There are indeed; there are incidents galore in this romance, incidents dealing with high persons and strange places; for a prince loves Féo, and Féo loves the prince, all very simply and truly and persistently. Féo herself is most satisfactory. She is quite feminine as regards her possession of prettiness, and many moods; but in crises she not only keeps her head with masculine courage, but sees humour in quite horrid situations, and laughs aloud about them too, when most girls would be sick with terror. The life at Paris and Pontarlier, and the side characters introduced are vivid and charming. The whole makes an absorbing romance which should be among the first favourites of the season.

TIIE RED MEN OF THE DUSK. By John Finnemore (Pearson.)

"The Red Men of the Dusk" were a set of desperate fellows, who had wrongs to avenge, and wandered about the Welsh hills, and especially about Nant-y-Bryn, the lonely home of the hero's uncle, seeking to avenge them; the hero's uncle being the man who had wronged them. When the hero himself, Geoffrey Heathcote, finding his Worcestershire home rather uncomfortable (those were Roundhead times), set out to ride into Wales, he found himself at once engaged in the troubles which beset his uncle's home. There are fine bits of description in this book, for the author is familiar with the Welsh hills and vales and passes, with the familiarity born of love and time. It would be a real offence to tell the story here, but it may be said that it is a stirring one. There are fights which are breathless, and escapes which are even more so; and if the hero's ride into Wales is good adventure, his ride back to Worcestershire is even better. But the impression must not be left that this book is all hard fighting and adventure: there is no lack of love for the softening of the whole; and there are many strong specimens of characterisation, notably Owain, the heroine's brother, and Ieuan Gwyllt, the leader of the Red Men; these are bold pieces of work. Books such as this may not be written hastily, but we hope for another from Mr. Finnemore's pen in the not too distant future.

MR. JOHN FINNEMORE.

FELLOW WAYFARERS. By Louis Tylor. 3s. 6d. (Richards.)

There is much sound thought in this small book. There is much also which is beautiful. Many will think, no doubt, that had the author given nothing good in the whole one hundred and fifty pages but the one chapter named "Our Augustine," and the verses "Qui Tollis," which form the greater part of that

MR. LOUIS TYLOR.

chapter, he would have earned gratitude, inasmuch as there are many needing comfort. The fault we find is that the author is apt to be too precious; he is over-careful that no gem of thought shall be obscured by its setting. The Wayfarers, be it understood, were a society of good and clever men who for fifty years met and talked, and prosecuted a sort of free religious enquiry. They had several ministers in turn, death and leave-takings making vacancies, and each minister in his time gave utterance to pithy sayings; but frequently these sayings seem to be scarcely pithy enough to warrant a leading-up-to of a whole chapter (short, it is true), of which the gem lies in the last line. There is a sweetness and tenderness and purity about the little record, however, which stays the hand from writing of the weaknesses. The Wayfarers were so simple in their manners; their ministers were so lovable; and after all, though, as the Squire said, at the end of fifty years they fizzled out like a damp squib, they were not a failure. They made a discovery. What that discovery is should be gleaned from the book itself.

MIRRY ANN. By Norma Lorimer. 6s. (Methuen.)

This is the first of Miss Lorimer's work we have seen; but if she continues at the level of "Mirry Ann" she may be certain of a welcome for each succeeding book. It is a story of great refinement, instinct with a real knowledge of human nature, and in every chapter showing proofs of genuine if unobtrusive talent. We think she has made a rather queer mistake in allowing a sober, pious, and really sensible maid to choose the Song of Solomon as sedative reading for abating the fervour of a love-sick young man, but all the rest of the book shows keen intelligence and sympathy. It is a Manx story, and it reflects vividly the picturesqueness of the island and the rugged character of the inhabitants. Yet for all the thread of tragedy that runs throughout, its general effect is far from gloomy, the violent death of the young squire, the madness of the fisherman John Thomas, and the hard conduct of Miss Christian being merged in the end in that lady's repentance, and in the gentle character of the two lovers who come together at the right moment, with exceptional prospects happiness.

SCRUPLES. By Thomas Cobb. 6s. (Richards.)

Mr. Cobb is one of the gentlest, subtlest, and most effective satirists among our living writers of fiction. He has a very keen nose for fools and foolishness, but, for the fools he has, we cannot help thinking, a genuine tenderness. While showing their weaknesses he never lets them make a gross exhibition of themselves; and, indeed, in the book before us his amiable dealing with Miss Pauline Cathcart must be a constant lesson to the many readers who must otherwise have felt even the most violent treatment could not be too severe punishment for the intolerable egotism of her conscientiousness. There are only four or five characters in the book that count, but each is a perfect study, true in colour and line, with no over emphasis and no fumbling. Mr. Cobb always works on a small canvas, and in the quietest manner; but within the limitations he has set himself he is a real artist.

CEASE FIRE! By J. Maclaren Cobban. 3s. 6d. (Methuen.)

This story of the Transvaal War of '81 can do without our eulogy. Its success is assured by its subject and by the opinions and sentiments it expresses with no lack of vigour and ability. Very likely it is a record of somebody's actual or imagined experience. If it were a thing manufactured out of books it would surely be a little less partial, a little more explanatory of the general situation; and it could not be more bitter. The early chapters, which tell how an English lad was betrayed by an Irish Boer spy and charmer, are probably pure romance. These miss their effect. It is always well to make your hero innocent and unsuspecting, but to make him a blind imbecile, in the midst of constant and conspicuous proof he is being fooled, is a mistake. It casts doubt on all the rest of his story and his evidence. A tale like this is a natural, perhaps an inevitable outcome of the popular sentiment of the hour. Its whet to patriotism, however, is of a regrettable kind, and quite superfluous.

NEMO. By Theo Douglas. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

The authoress of "Nemo" is fertile in plots of mystery and horror. But her newest one is a little disappointing. True, it may raise a shudder here and there to think of the heroine, the victim of a conjuring father, animating a lifeless image, giving it voice, motion, and even part of her own soul, till she feels it possesses her. But there is a great deal of subordinate matter in the book which hardly seems necessary, and is not a little dull.

THE STRONG GOD CIRCUMSTANCE. By Helen Shipton. 6s. (Methuen.)

The spirit, the intention, and much of the style of Miss Shipton's book are far above the average. The setting of the

MISS HELEN SHIPTON.

story, too, is finely imagined. An unusual amount of brains and of human sympathy has been expended in the conception and the interpretation of the characters, and we leave off with an assurance that the writer will soon have something really excellent to give us. With the first situation of the present

story, the disgrace and exile of an innocent, proud, and active-brained man, she has been entirely successful. With its development she is less so, her best energies having mostly run to the exposition of character. The work is by no means equal. She is now and then lacking in courage before the inevitable facts that result from her first bright conception of the personages. But a stronger, steadier hand will come with practice and experience.

MARCELLE OF THE LATIN QUARTER. By Clive Holland. (Pearson.)

Mr. Holland has done a clever, and we should have thought an impossible, thing. While thrilling his readers with realistic descriptions of the wickedness and frivolity of Bohemian artist-Paris, he has expressed sentiments which the most rigid British-matron can approve of. We can enjoy the excitement of introductions to shady characters, while we see the heroine grow up like a flower in innocence untainted by the evil. The hero, too, a distinguished painter, is such as we can entirely approve of. Their wedding bells ring in our ears at the end, and the ceremony is graced by respectability and fashion, as well as by the "true sons of the Quartier."

BABES IN THE BUSH. By Rolf Boldrewood. 6s. (Macmillan.)

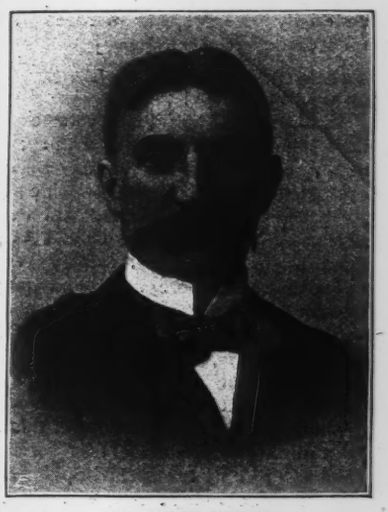
Mr. Boldrewood's newest romance is a later version of the "Swiss Family Robinson." An English family, straitened in means, resolve to try their fortunes in Australia. Very much in the spirit, and with not a little of the conversational style of the Robinsons of story-book fame, they set out to make a living and find adventures. Of course, they meet with rather fewer wild beasts and rather more humanity; and their friends and neighbours soon divide the chronicle with them, and even thrust them somewhat into the background. But even to the end the tale suggests that early delight of our youth, in its generous supply of information. Mr. Boldrewood's story-telling art may have passed from him, but as mines of facts about Australian

MR. ROLF BOLDREWOOD.

life, his books are unrivalled. How colonists of the first half of the century worked, how they played, what their races and their balls were like, and what was their zest for life, may be learned agreeably in these pages.

THE HEART OF THE DANCER. By Percy White. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Judged not as a whole but by its parts, Mr. White's new story is excellent. There is an exceptionally good series of modern portraits in it. Besides Althea, the Tenth Muse, the intellectual dancer, who interprets poetry by marvellous rhythmical motions of the body as well as by the voice, there are Ronald Dodd, minor poet, millionaire's heir, and cad; Colonel Sancroft, the inarticulate noble Englishman, who is making empire when he isn't avoiding being thanked for it—a very common hero in novels of the day, but differentiated in Mr. White's pages by somewhat a want of dash in love affairs; and the Prince of Monteverro, the Anglicised Italian with his Oxford manners and training, his Derby day fame, and his mediæval strength of jealousy. There are more—all well thought out, and all of present-day interest. And the personages act together so as to make a readable story—a pathetic one; for Althea, who is a great star of the theatre, who has many lovers, and wins rank and wealth, does not win the desire of her heart after all. The material is better than that used in Mr. White's late books. But the whole is weaker than its parts. And perhaps we shall never be fully satisfied with his work till he throws off his present amiable mood, and frankly recognises himself as a severe satirist. Then maybe the success of "Mr. Bailey-Martin" will be repeated.



MR. PERCY WHITE.
From Photo by R. J. Littlejohn.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

THE HEBREW TRAGEDY. By Colonel C. R. Conder, R.E., etc., etc. (William Blackwood and Sons.)

"A broad grey river runs fast to the south, between white marl banks, under a dappled April sky. On either hand are plains with young grass and flowers. Across the river swings a rude raft, floated on goat-skins blown up with air; and on it sits the chief with his family—his wife and nephew. The long dark robe, the shining sword and spear, the gold arm-band, the olive skin, and black eyes and beard, betoken an Arab prince." These sentences descriptive of Abraham's crossing of the Euphrates are the opening words of "The Hebrew Tragedy," and in this picturesque and really graphic style the entire book is written. In two hundred beautifully printed and easily read pages the story is carried through Patriarchs, Conquerors, Judges, Kings, Prophets, Exiles, Priests, Puritans, Rabbis, Rebels, to the sad close of Jewish national history. It is written with spirit and with care, and, needless to say, with ample knowledge; it is in itself attractive, and it occupies a place of its own and ought to find many readers.

RELIGION OF ISRAEL TO THE EXILE. By Karl Budde, D.D. (American Lectures on the History of Religions. Fourth Series.) (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

The American Lectures on the history of religions, thanks to the catholicity and wisdom of the committee of administration, are proving a success and are likely to promote intelligent study. The present volume by the well-known Strassburg Professor and specialist is, to say the least, well worthy of a place in the series. Indeed, as a brief yet adequate account of religion in Israel during the period defined, and from the standpoint of modern criticism, it is without a rival. One must be prepared, however, for startling statements. It was not, it seems, Israel's own God, but the God of the Kenites, the God of Moses' father-in-law, who revealed Himself as Yahweh and delivered the people from Egyptian tyranny. And this God abides in Sinai and does not accompany the people through the wilderness. "Only in exceptional cases did He come from His mountain home, in human form, as a wanderer, or through the air in the stormblast. Even at a late period men still sought Him at Horeb-Sinai when they wished to be sure of finding Him (1 Kings xix.)." This is also the view of Tiele and Stade, though other equally authoritative scholars reject it. And of course this is one of the disadvantages under which critics at present write history. The truth is, the age is not ripe for history while it is still engaged in criticism and research. Throughout Budde's work one feels that he labours under this disadvantage. Neither dogmatism nor argument coalesce with

historical narration. With this necessary drawback the lectures are, however, full of instruction; and he must be a very careless or exceptionally well-informed reader who does not materially increase his knowledge by their perusal. [On p. 115, for "castle" read "palace."]

THE WORKS OF MARK TWAIN. Vols. VII.-XII. Edition de Luxe. (Chatto)

In this second half-dozen volumes of Mark Twain's works we have some of his best-liked writing; for "Roughing It"—that record of "variegated vagabondizing," in which the author apologises for the information which *will* leak out—and "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer," will ever take rank among the first favourites. In "The Gilded Age," the joint production of Mark Twain and Charles Dudley Warner, volumes which contain some rather more serious writing than their fellows, the translations of the heterogeneous and puzzling mottoes which have always appeared at the heads of the chapters are now given for the first time, and may be found in the Appendix. "Nothing gives such weight and dignity to a book as an Appendix," quotes the author from Herodotus. The illustrations are certainly an admirable feature of this Edition de Luxe; several portraits are reproduced, that serving as frontispiece to the volume "Life on the Mississippi" being especially good. Mr. Garrett's "Steamboat a-comin'!" in this same volume is also particularly striking and characteristic.

DRAMATIC CRITICISM. By J. T. Grein. 3s. 6d. (Long.)

Mr. Grein has done a great deal to keep burning the light of an ideal in matters relating to the drama and the stage in England. He has been a severe but a suggestive critic of the causes and conditions that have brought the English stage to its present degradation. His comments have been by no means all destructive; he has plans of revitalisation worth the attention of actor, manager, and the public, plans which he has tested. His general views are excellent. No one has hit with directer effect at the vicious commercialism of the managers, the indolent amateurism of the actors, and the want of a palate on the part of the public. In four articles in French, reprinted from "La Revue d'Art Dramatique," the general views are expressed with admirable precision. The rest of the book consists of criticisms of special plays, of most of the plays in fact, that have come before London audiences during the last two years or so. They show a fair level of intelligent appreciation, but little distinction. Mr. Grein may have written many of them in that over-indulgent mood which is the result of utter hopelessness. What he has to say on "Peter the Great" and "Ragged Robin" is intelligent; and his glimpse of a recent French play, "Rembrandt," which has not yet been seen on the English boards, whets one's curiosity. But on the whole he does not show very much sensitiveness where literary form is concerned, though he puts great stress on the alliance of literature and drama. In his essay on "The Grave Responsibilities of Dramatic Criticism" he uses very strong language, both about the stage, the critics, and his own treatment by them. "Jeered at, besmirched, and libelled as I have been by every anonymous coward, when with a few others I offered my best, my all, neither for hire nor gain, but to wed the modern English stage to literature, and to enfranchise it from boulevard offal and homebred inanities"—that is a sample of his indignant utterances. And if his appreciations are by no means infallible, even if some of them are commonplace, he has a right to his indignation, for he has written and "managed" up to the honest, serious-minded, conscientious standard he pleads for in others.

MR. J. T. GREIN.
From Photo by Van Bosch.

SONGS OF THE GLENS OF ANTRIM. By Moira O'Neill. 3s. 6d. (Blackwood.)

A whiff of fresh, clear, yet very gentle air comes to us in "Moira O'Neill's" Songs. They take us "Away up in the heather by the head o' Brabla' burn." It is a land where Nature has a fair face but a sparing hand.

"All the gold in Ballytearim is what's stickin' to the whin;
All the crows in Ballytearim has a way o' gettin' thin."

But hearts are lightsome, nevertheless, and grateful, too, and tender. Love-songs are native there, and home-sickness for the glens finds voice as wistful as it is sincere. Miss Higginson is a wonderful interpreter of the sad moods and the gay, and her volume is a good and worthy neighbour to Miss Barlow's "Bogland Studies." The gem of the book is "The Boy from Ballytearim." It is a real song and story of the people, with never a false note in it, never an over-sophisticated idea. It is an old tale, very simply told, but in Miss Higginson's hands not hackneyed at all—this tale of a home-coming that was to have been so blithe.

MISS MOIRA O'NEILL.
From Photo by J. Thomson.

"Och, the boy 'ud still be thinkin' long, an' he across the foam,
An' the two ould hearts be thinkin' long that waited for him home;
But a girl that sat her lone an' whiles, her head upon her knee,
Would be sighin' low for sorra, not a word says she.

"He won home to Ballytearim, an' the two were livin' yet,
When he heard where she was lyin' now the eyes of him were wet;
'Faith, here's my two fists full o' gold, an' little good to me
When I'll never meet an' kiss her,' sure he says, says he."

"A Broken Song," "Cuttin' Rushes," and "Lookin' Back" are hardly less good than the one we have quoted.

CHRISTUS VICTOR. A Student's Reverie. By Henry Nehemiah Dodge. (Putnam's.)

Even among religious poems this one of Mr. Dodge must be distinguished for its optimism. Its theme is the final triumph of supreme love, or of the pure spirit of Christianity. In many moods, from many points of view, in many forms of verse, the subject is approached. There is not a flash of originality anywhere, but there is sweetness and refinement and spiritual elevation on every page. Charm is not infrequent, and the general level of workmanship is high. The publishers have done their best to give the little book an attractive outside.

THE YOUNG AUTHOR'S PAGE.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

NEW REGULATIONS FOR THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

In future all criticisms of MSS. will be posted direct to the authors as soon as possible after receipt. Two coupons cut from the current number of "The Bookman" (see p. 31), together with a stamped addressed envelope, must be enclosed with each MS.

All communications must be addressed to the Editor of the Young Authors' Page, "Bookman" Office, 27, Paternoster Row, London.

Terms for fuller opinions on MSS. may be had on application. Every endeavour will be made to return MSS., but should writers desire their MSS. returned, they must send stamped addressed envelopes or wrappers. When this rule is complied with we shall make every endeavour to return the MSS. But we undertake no responsibility whatever for their custody or safe return, and writers are earnestly requested to keep copies.

EQUI.—You have an imagination and some pretty ideas, and there is a dim feeling after poetry in your rather chaotic lines. But you are very far from print, and want more knowledge of the art of verse-making and more command, both of language and of your own thoughts. Any suggestion of merit that I can find is in the longer poem. The other should be quietly consigned to the fire.

FIORE.—The idea is pleasing though familiar, but the verses are not poetry. The phrasing is bald, the lines unmusical, and there are some awkward stumbles in the rhythm.

Ishmael.—There is undoubtedly a suggestion of power in your work. The idea of the sketch is strong, and you have some good descriptive touches. What you want is a better command of language. You have not the best words, not always the right words, to convey your ideas. Read more—the very best authors—and write as much as you like for practice, but do not think about print yet.

F. J. M.—There is not much here to criticise. You write fluently, and the story is amusing. It is the sort of thing that often finds a place in provincial weekly papers, though perhaps their standard of interest is just a little higher.

Philip Ayre.—There is no trace of literary genius, but every sign of a useful knack in story-telling. Popular magazines are filled with stories not much better than this. There are no "faults" for me to point out. It is all very correct. But it is very like thousands of other stories.

C. M.—No. 3, notwithstanding your care, is disappointing. It jingles along smoothly enough, but not a single line has arrested my attention. I think you must have polished all the individuality out of it. I venture to guess that you do not really care two straws about the man, but finding yourself in his special country, you felt it incumbent upon you to be inspired, and were in fact a little disappointed that you were not. Am I not right?

Bernardine.—A very nicely-written little essay, most true and wise.

F. A. B. I.—The sonnets are good. Perhaps the papers you have already written for only publish bright and lively pieces. Offer these to the magazines (there are several) that publish poetry of this graver calibre, mentioning what you have already done.

Eniugnas Semper.—This is altogether better ordered, and still shows the poetic instinct. Your phraseology is far from commonplace, and my favourable impressions of six months ago are confirmed.

Cecil.—A well written story, just what many people like to read at Christmas time. One wants to hear more about it, and that is a compliment to any writer. I hope you will go on writing.

Stella.—There is a market for such work as yours. You must persevere, and since you have been successful in getting articles accepted you should not find much difficulty with stories. Be careful to study the wants of the paper to which you offer your work.

John Sackstone.—Thanks for the other papers. I prefer the first, but have a strong interest in the restless heroine of chapter two, especially in contrast with her jolly husband. I think you should have made more of this contrast, and thrown them into relief each against the other. The vicar in chapter three is another of your excellent characters. The Plymouth Brother seems to me overdrawn. He may be true to life, but he loses the reader's sympathy and becomes merely silly and irritating in his narrow bigotry. The other characters have the same faults. They are merely cranks. But unquestionably you have collected a portrait gallery of sectarian "curiosities" which many an author might envy you. What are you going to do with them? They are merely studies as they are—not yet ready for print. Cannot you weave them into a story, or a succession of short stories? Make them speak, live, do something. Make things happen. You have the material for a set of sketches that many editors would be pleased to use. I am indeed sorry to hear of your bereavement. Accept my very sincere sympathy.

D. S.—I have discovered no literary merit in the portion of your novel which I have read. I do not think any publisher would accept it. And on quite other grounds it is a piece of work much to be deplored. Better never write another line than direct your own thoughts and those of others to scenes so demoralising.

Exella.—I agree in the main with the critic you quote. Many worse stories are successfully published. But yours sadly lacks brightness. The lines of interest are narrow and somewhat trivial. Nothing but a strong gift of humour can make enlivening reading out of domestic dissensions and sectarian squabbles. The fault of the story is tameness. Your characters are provokingly spiritless—except the virago, who is inhuman. Certainly secure the reader's sympathy for your (foolish) heroine by showing her bullied and persecuted, but rouse her (or her husband) at last to some vigorous action—and assuredly make her leave the place as soon as treachery is suspected. The worm must turn sooner or later if the story is to have any "go" in it. It is a mistake in a story of this kind to allow the unscrupulous people to keep the upper hand too long. Have at them, expose them, humiliate them, and your readers will thank you. You are not describing real life (or the whole thing would have been put right in half an hour—if it had ever occurred), but you are writing what might make a very readable story if only somebody in it would wake up and tackle the villainous old lady.

Francis St. John Curzon.—I am sorry I cannot say much for your story. The English is terribly stilted and apparently you do not know the meaning of some of the words you use. To tell the truth, neither do I. What is "rotacism," as a station-master's characteristic? The story is very improbable. Just consider. Here we have a young lady voluntarily remaining in the house of an unwelcome suitor who bullies her; a man of honour spying and eavesdropping without even the ghost of a temptation except idle curiosity; two officers and gentlemen drawing swords on each other in a friend's house, in presence of a lady guest, and afterwards making a present to each other of the lady's affections. To be sure she deserved no better if she could forget a dead lover in a fortnight. The happy ending is quite out of place. Solitary bread-and-water confinement for the young lady and horse-whippings all round for the men are the only appropriate *denouement*. Write of life and humanity as you know them and in simple and unaffected language and you will succeed much better.

Dorothy Rule.—A thoroughly pleasant, readable, and interesting story. Surely it is not your first attempt. You should offer it to any of the publishers who make a feature of children's stories—or better still, in the first place, send it to some children's magazine that uses serials. If one editor declines, try another. The story is worth taking pains about.

Annie Pierce.—This will do admirably. I think your general style has improved very much since you set about these tales. This one would stand a little compression. I felt disposed to be done with both funeral and ghost hunt just a little before you did, which is the wrong way about as between author and reader. And on page 26, your two old men talk like two young ladies—calling September a "nice month" and making references to the clearing of the tea things! It is just an example of the fault I remarked before in connection with the warrior. I congratulate you on a long task finished and hope the event will be very successful.

COUPON.

YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

APRIL, 1900.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

February 15th to March 15th, 1900.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

Adderley, J.—The Epistle of St. James, 2/6.....Wells Gardner

Benson, E. W., late Archbishop of Canterbury.—The Apocalypse, 8/6 net .....Macmillan

Bourdillon, Rev. F. M. A.—Handfuls: Plucked and Rubbed in Walking through the Field of the Word of God, 2/6 Wells Gardner

[*Mr. Bourdillon's little book will come as a welcome help to persons who have but scanty leisure for the study of longer and weightier volumes. His short meditations, presented in such a sensible, "every-day" aspect, are what is needed to refresh the mind and lead to a closer and more frequent reading of the Scriptures themselves.*]

Brown, John, B.A., D.D.—Puritan Preaching in England, 6/- Hodder

Burn, J. H., Selected and Arranged by.—Helps to Faith and Practice, 5/- .....Elliot Stock

[*A helpful volume of devotional readings, compiled from the writings of Canon Scott Holland.*]

Carus, Dr. Paul.—Kant and Spencer, 1/-.....Kegan Paul

[*Dr. Paul Carus considers that Mr. Herbert Spencer should have read Kant more thoroughly, and he says some very straight words because Mr. Herbert Spencer did not. In this small book are the articles which appeared some time ago in "The Open Court" and "The Monist." They are sincere, and are claimed to be not purely controversial.*]

Cooper, Rev. A. A., M.A.—God's Forget-me-Not, 2/6..Elliot Stock

[*Short, simple, and tender addresses to boys and girls on religious subjects, written from Alexandria, with many picturesque Eastern touches.*]

Costelloe, B. F. C., M.A.—The Gospel Story, 6/-.....Sands

[*Mr. Costelloe found that such Lives of Christ as existed scarcely met the needs of the Catholic home, and he undertook the task for which he saw the need. The result is a clear and simple narrative woven from the testimony of the Gospels. Traces of sound scholarship are found in the volume, and the care in matters of detail is praiseworthy. The author believes that all his theories are admissible, but he did not suggest that others are untenable.*]

Dearmer, Rev. Percy.—The Little Lives of the Saints, 2/6 Wells Gardner

[*Well told little histories of a dozen Saints who lived between the years 642 and 1066, beginning with determined St. Oswald, and ending with gentle St. Edward the Confessor. Mr. Charles Robinson's illustrations are appropriate and charming.*]

From the Book Beautiful, 3/6 .....Greening

Gibson, J. Monro, M.A., D.D.—The Glory of Life, 3/6 net Freemantle

[*A collection of ten sermons and addresses written in a thoughtful yet popular manner. The last in the book is Dr. Munro Gibson's sermon on Oliver Cromwell preached at Huntingdon last April, an eloquent and thoroughly appreciative utterance. A portrait, and a preface dealing with the question of "War" add to the interest of the volume.*]

Gore, Charles, M.A., D.D.—St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, 3/6 Murray

Gray, G. Buchanan.—The Divine Discipline of Israel, 2/6 net A. & C. Black

[*In these papers Mr. Buchanan Gray has set forth the genesis and growth of the ideas in the Old Testament. Dwelling on the supreme influence of the Bible, he deals with its effect upon mankind; and shows how vividly the Old Testament proves the differing of men, as the ages passed, in their understanding and expression of the "abiding realities."*]

Hoffding, Dr. Harald, Translated by B. E. Meyer.—A History of Modern Philosophy, 2 vols., 30/- net..... Macmillan

Iverach, J., M.A., D.D.—Theism, in the Light of Present Science and Philosophy, 6/- ..... Hodder

Knox-Little, W. J., M.A.—A Manual of Devotion for Lent, 6/- Isbister

[*A helpful volume, full of thought and seriousness, but by no means saddening.*]

STOKES, G. T., D.D.—Some Worthies of the Irish Church, 6/- Hodder

The Epistle of Paul the Apostle to the Philippians. Explained by C. R. D. Biggs, B.D., 1/6 net.....Methuen

[*In a thoughtful introduction are set forth the reasons for the special attractiveness of this letter of St. Paul to the converts at Philippi; while the "explanation" which follows well carries out the intention of making this series of Expositions of real service to the general reader in the practical and devotional study of Holy Scripture.*]

The Passion and Resurrection of Our Lord.....Elliot Stock

[*The passages from the Gospels relating to the Passion and Resurrection are here arranged in harmonious form as a book of devotion. Blank pages are given for notes, thoughts, or quotations.*]

WRIGHT, Rev. A., M.A.—St. Luke's Gospel in Greek, 7/6 net Macmillan

NEW EDITION.

MABIE, HAMILTON WRIGHT.—The Life of the Spirit, 3/6 Blackwood

[*An English edition of Mr. Mabie's book on spiritual matters; it is full of charm and literary excellence.*]

FICTION.

BARR, A. E.—Was it Right to Forgive? 6/-. ..... Unwin

BAYLY, A. E.—The Secret of Scotland Yard, 3/6.....Sands

[*A gruesome mystery, skilfully told. We will not talk about "Sherlock Holmes." Mr. Bayly's detective tales may be spared comparisons; they are good enough of themselves.*]

BODKIN, McD., Q.C.—Dora Myrl, the Lady Detective, 3/6 .. Chatto

[*A series of mysterious cases, in which the Lady Detective comes off best. It was somewhat rash to begin with a story of two babies exchanged by a nurse, the false heir for the true; but the vivacity of the book wakes the reader afterwards.*]

BOLDREWOOD, ROLF.—Babes in the Bush, 6/- ..... Macmillan

BROOKE, EMMA.—The Engrafted Rose, 6/-.....Hutchinson

BUCHANAN, R.—Andromeda, 6/- ..... Chatto

CAMPBELL, FRANCES.—For Three Moons, 6/- ..... Digby

[*A breezy story of love and sorrow aboard the "Ilonia" on a voyage from Queensland to England. The last chapter may be considered a little "previous," beginning as it does: "It was a lovely evening in October, 1900"! but, having a happy ending, may be accounted amiable prophecy.*]

CARMAN, A. R.—The Preparation of Ryerson Embury, 6/- .. Unwin

COBB, THOMAS.—Scruples, 3/6 ..... Richards

COBBAN, J. M.—Cease Fire! 3/6 ..... Methuen

DOUGLAS, THEO.—Nemo, 6/-.....Smith, Elder

DRUMMOND, H.—A Man of his Age, 3/6.....Ward, Lock

ELLIOT, ANNE.—A Martial Maid, 6/-.....Hurst & Blackett

[*The Martial Maid is a beautiful Australian girl, who comes to England to fight the battles and prove the heirship of a small boy, whose mother was supposed to be drowned at sea, and whose father married again. Some of the characters hold curious views of life; but the story is prettily told.*]

EVERSLEY, WYNTON.—The Dean of Darrendale, 6/- .... Hutchinson

GRAY, MAXWELL.—The World's Mercy, 6/- ..... Heinemann

HAGGARD, Captain A. (ARTHUR AMYAND).—The Kiss of Isis, 3/6 Hurst & Blackett

[*Two tales of mystery—one of the East, one of the West—both sufficiently thrilling to keep the book in the reader's hands till the very end is reached.*]

HOLLAND, CLIVE.—Marcelle of the Latin Quarter, 6/- ..... Pearson

HOWELLS, W. D.—Their Silver Wedding Journey, 6/- ..... Harper

JEB, SEMA.—Uncle Peter, 6/- .....Unwin

JEWETT, S. O.—The Queen's Twin, and other stories, 5/- Smith, Elder

JOHNSTON, MARY.—By Order of the Company, 6/- .....Constable

LEE, ALBERT.—The Gentleman Pensioner, 6/- .....Pearson

[*An exciting tale of Elizabethan times, when incidents and tempers seem to have been of equal quickness. "The first man who lays hands on either one of us dies!" says the hero. And that is what he is like when he is calm.*]

LINDSEY, W.—Cinder-path Tales, 3/6.....Richards

[*A collection of briskly-told tales of athletes, by an athlete.*]

NORWAY, G.—Falsely Accused, 6/- .....Digby

[*A thrilling tale of crime and heroism. The title reveals much; it would be unfair to author and reader to reveal more here. We will affirm that the book will not disappoint those who like a sensational story.*]

PUXLEY, F. L.—Maitland of Cortezia, 6/- .....Richards

"RITA."—A Woman of Samaria, 6/-.....Hutchinson

ROBERTS, MORLEY.—The Plunderers, 6/- ..... Methuen

SHIPTON, HELEN.—The Strong God Circumstance, 6/-.....Methuen

SIMS, G. R.—Without the Limelight, 3/6 .....Chatto

[*A dozen sketches showing stage-life in its more real and less known aspect. Told with sympathy and seriousness, yet still leaving, consciously or unconsciously, some measure of charm about the footlights.*]

SPEIGHT, T. W.—The Web of Fate, 3/6 ..... Chatto

[*To persons who live in the neighbourhood of Mr. Speight's heroes, life must be rather an anxious affair. Stephen Masplin, a chief character, begins by running away from home after having differences with his father; then he insults his employer, is dismissed, enlists, strikes the drill-sergeant, leaving him half dead in the gutter, deserts, tramps home, plans to drown his rival, succeeds in drowning his own father also, is tied to a mill wheel by the rival's naturally enraged mother, and almost drowned himself, and so on; fortunes in Australia and death by poison occur later on. The book does not seem dull.*]

ST. AUBYN, A.—The Loyal Hussar, and other Stories, 6/-.....Digby

[*Three soldier-tales begin this collection; eleven others in Alan St. Aubyn's better-known style complete the volume. All are interesting and clever.*]

The Author of "Daughters of the City."—Harcourt, 6/-.....Simpkin

TOLSTOY, LEO.—Resurrection, 6/-.....Henderson

TYTLER, SARAH.—Logan's Loyalty, 6/-.....Long

WEEKES, A. BOYSON.—Prisoners of War, 6d. .....Methuen

[*This is No. VIII. of Messrs. Methuen's six shilling novels for sixpence, and an admirable novel it is. It begins on a sunny day at the Court of King Maximilian Joseph of Bavaria, and the glamour of real romance is over it throughout.*]

WINTER, JOHN STRANGE.—The Money Sense, 6/- ..... Richards

NEW EDITIONS.

BORROW, GEORGE.—Lavengro, 6/- .....Murray

DICKENS, CHARLES.—Christmas Books, Vol. II., Temple Edition. 1/6 net.....Dent

SCOTT, Sir WALTER—Ivanhoe, with Introduction and Notes by J. Higham, M.A., 1/6.....A. & C. Black

[*A sensible introduction, giving an account of Feudal times and the Feudal system, makes this an appropriate school edition of the great novel.*]

The Works of Sterne, 2 vols, 7/- net.....Macmillan

[*This admirable Library of English Classics is enriched by two more volumes, containing "Tristram Shandy" and "A Sentimental Journey." Mr. Pollard's bibliographical notes to this series are always instructive and welcome.*]

WHYTE-MELVILLE, G. J.—The White Rose, 3/6 .....Ward, Lock

POETRY, MUSIC, AND THE DRAMA.

A Book of Irish Verse, selected by W. B. Yeats, 3/6 .....Methuen

BENTLEY, H. C.—Poems.....Humphreys

[*Mr. Bentley's most spirited verse is inspired by the hunting-field, the barbed wire outrage, and kindred themes. He has also a sentimental side, however, and he sings of June roses and false love, and the transitoriness of all earthly pleasures fervently enough to ensure success as a drawing-room ballad-maker, if only his metres and rhymes were a little better.*]

Hymns of Modern Thought, with Music, 3/- .....Houghton

[*An unusually interesting volume, containing over two hundred poems by well-known writers, which embody moral hopes apart from theological dogma. This book has designed its own niche and should undoubtedly keep it.*]

HOPPER, NORA—Songs of the Morning, 3/6 net .....Richards

JACK, A. A.—The Prince, a Play, 3/6 net.....Macmillan

[*A poetical drama, not without merit judged by scattered lines and phrases. The subject, too, that of a prince hedged in by circumstance, who cannot be the man he was before his accession, save in his dreams, is a fine one. But Mr. Jack's craft is not equal to his conception, and his play is ineffective and mostly dull.*]

KEATS, JOHN—Shorter Poems, 2/6 net .....Gay and Bird

[*This should be a favourite volume of "The Bibelots." The head and tail pieces form an interesting feature of the reprint.*]

LAYCOCK, SAMUEL—Collected Writings, 3/6 .....Clegg

[*Laycock, the Lancashire poet, deserves this recognition of his talent. He has been named "The Laureate of the Cotton Panic," and if "Welcome, Bonny Brid" were his only "Cotton Panic Lyric," that tender, beautiful poem would have won him a right to the title.*]

MILLIGAN, ALICE—The Last Feast of the Fianna.....Nutt

[*A beautiful little Irish drama. It should be translated into Gaelic.*]

MORAR—Three Clanronalds, 5/- ....Unwin

[*Highland tales of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, romantic in matter but told in very indifferent verse. Good Highlanders may find it worth their while to disentangle the stories from the prosaic metre, and thus get at their real poetry.*]

MOORE, GEORGE—The Bending of the Bough, 3/6 net .....Unwin

ROBERTS, G. A.—The Watch Tower, Chryssa, and Other Poems Elliot Stock

[*One must feel only admiration for the poet's high standard of life. This small book is full of sympathy and fair ideals. "The Watch-Tower" itself contains lines of considerable beauty.*]

Soldier Songs, edited by J. E. Carpenter, 1/- .....Warner

[*A full collection of military songs, old and new, in an attractive khaki binding.*]

NEW EDITIONS.

BROWNING, R.—The Earlier Monologues, Temple Classics, 1/6 net Dent

GOLDSMITH, OLIVER.—She Stoops to Conquer, Temple Dramatists, 1/- net .....Dent

LEAF, W., Litt.D. (edited by)—The Iliad, Vol. I., Books I.-XII., 18s. Macmillan

ROSSETTI, DANTE GABRIEL—Poems, Siddal Edition, 2/6 net....Ellis

[*The contents of this volume are more diverse than those of the three preceding volumes. Some of the poet's best work is included here. An admirable edition, handy and beautiful.*]

Shakespeare, Vols. VII. and VIII., Larger Temple Edition, 4/6 net Dent

TENNYSON, Lord.—Maud, and Other Poems, Temple Classics, 1/6 net Dent

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TRAVEL.

ABBOTT, E., M.A., LL.D.—A History of Greece, 10/-....Longmans

The Age of Hawke. Edited by L. W. Lyde, M.A. No. 3, "Sea-Dog" Readers, 1/- net. ..... A. & C. Black

[*Another of the inspiriting "Sea-Dog" Readers. This is good from first to last. Notes, illustrations, songs, and an historical summary are included.*]

BADHAM, F. P.—Nelson at Naples, 1/- ..... Nutt

[*In a preface to this interesting pamphlet the author refutes, what he terms, the misstatements of Captain Mahan and Professor J. K. Laughton. The pamphlet itself is a journal for June, 1799, a lively period.*]

DICKINSON, W. H.—King Arthur in Cornwall, 4/6.....Longmans

["*I hold Arthur to have been as real a person as Cæsar and Cromwell,*" *writes Dr. Dickinson,* "*though less advantageously circumstanced for the recording of his deeds.*" *He then proceeds to remedy past inabilities as far as possible. The result is a book which all lovers of Cornwall and of Arthurian tales—all antiquaries, too—should read.*]

DIMOCK, Rev. A., M.A.—The Cathedral Church of St. Paul, 1/6..Bell

[*In this now familiar "Cathedral Series" of Messrs. Bell and Sons*

we have a full and valuable history of St. Paul's in a handy volume, interspersed with numerous illustrations. An immense amount of literature has been searched and referred to, including Wren's own memoirs. Mr. Dimock's pages on the "Mosaics" will be of especial interest to lovers of London's cathedral.]

GAGGIN, JOHN.—Among the Man-Eaters. Overseas Library, 2/- Unwin

[*A clear, undecorated account of life among the Pacific Islands. The Man-Eaters are shown to possess mild moods sometimes, but this does not injure Mr. Gaggin's book.*]

GORST, H. E.—The Earl of Beaconsfield, 2/6 ..... Blackie

GRANT DUFF, Sir M. E., G.C.S.I.—Notes from a Diary, 2 Vols., 18/- Murray

GROSER, H. G.—Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, V.C., K.P., G.C.B., 1/- net.....Melrose

[*A handy little biography, unburdened by unnecessary technicalities, but written in an interesting style, which should appeal to both military and civilian taste.*]

The History of the Boer War. Part I., 1/-.....Methuen

[*This is the first number of a serial history of the origin and progress of the present war. Pictures, portraits, and maps will help to make it a popular volume when complete. The type is excellent.*]

KEANE, A. H.—The Boer States, 6/- .....Methuen

[*This is not a mere war book; none the less it is one which the war has made unusually interesting and valuable. It really amounts to a history (unprejudiced) of the Boers and the Boer States; the natural resources of the country receive attention, as does the origin of the people. A good map is included.*]

KINNEAR, A.—To Modder River with Methuen, 1/- .... Arrowsmith

[*Interesting as an early and uncensored opinion of the war in its first stages. It will probably provoke criticism.*]

KIPLING, RUDYARD.—From Sea to Sea, 2 vols., 6/- .....Macmillan

MACKINNON, J., Ph.D.—The History of Edward the Third, 18/- Longmans

MANN, A. M.—The Boer in Peace and War, 1/-.....Long

[*Every book bearing on the South African war must have a certain value in these days, and Mr. Mann's small volume showing the Boer as he really is, apart from present circumstances, has its own especial value. There is little doubt of the book's success.*]

MITCHELL, A. F., D.D., LL.D.—The Scottish Reformation, Edited by D. Hay Fleming, LL.D., 6/- .....Blackwood

O'NEIL, Rev. J. L., O.P.—Was Savonarola Really Excommunicated? 75 c. net .....Marlier

ORSI, PIETRO.—Modern Italy, 5/- .....Unwin

PINNINGTON, E.—Sir David Wilkie, 1/6.....Oliphant

PULIGA, Countess.—My Father and I .....Heinemann

[*An autobiography, more Continental than English in style, inspired, it appears, by filial love. The Countess Puliga was Miss Sansom, daughter of Mr. Charles Sansom, of Leytonstone, Essex, and together father and daughter travelled in many lands. The book gains interest from the well-known names which are met with in its pages.*]

RAINES, Gen. Sir JULIUS; IGGULDEN, Capt. H. A.; SLESSOR, Capt. A. K.—Central India, Sikkim Expedition, Tirah Campaign. Nos. 2, 4, 5 of Derbyshire Campaign Series, 1/6.....Swan Sonnenschein

[*The Derbyshire regiments have undoubtedly done good work for their Queen and country. These three volumes provide stirring stories of the danger and the glory shared by the Derbyshire men, and of their behaviour in desperate times. As history both of a nation and of a regiment these books should be prized.*]

ROBINSON, WILFRED C.—Bruges: An Historical Sketch De Plancke

[*English readers will welcome this full and most entertaining history of the old Flemish city.*]

ROSEBERY, Lord.—Cromwell, 6d. .....Hatchards

[*The authorised edition of Lord Rosebery's speech delivered at the Cromwell Tercentenary Celebration, 1899. It is published, we understand, "in self-defence."*]

STEVENS, G. W.—From Capetown to Ladysmith, 3/6....Blackwood

NEW EDITIONS.

PARKIN, G. R.—Life and Letters of Edward Thring, 6/-..Macmillan

[*Little actual change has been made in bringing the original matter within the scope of this smaller volume. All that is essential to the showing of Edward Thring's educational ideas has been retained. He was undeniably a unique and forceful man, and a new edition of his biography should be appreciated. It contains a good portrait.*]

ROYLE, CHARLES.—The Egyptian Campaign, 1882 to 1885. Continued to 1899, 12/- net ..... Hurst and Blackett

[*A new and very thoroughly revised edition. Details which are no longer of interest have been eliminated, and the events which have occurred in the interval since 1885 receive full attention. The volume is illustrated by maps and plans. As a history of the rise and fall of the Arabist and Mahdist movements, and of the whole of the circumstances relating to England's intervention in Egypt, it is a valuable piece of work.*]

STANLEY, A. P., D.D.—Life and Correspondence of Thomas Arnold, D.D., 2/- .....Ward, Lock

[*Another volume of the new series of the Minerva Library.*]

LAW, PHILOLOGY, SCIENCE, ART, SCHOOL AND TECHNICAL BOOKS.

AIKIN, W. A.—The Voice, its Physiology and Cultivation, 3/6 Macmillan

[*Many persons, it seems, are altogether wrong in all they have learned and thought respecting the human voice. In this book we find a distinct outline of the "vocal instruments," which, if studied, will be found to bring the scientific and practical aspects of the voice into closer relation. It seems sheer duty to study it.*]

JEVONS, F. B.—Evolution, 3/6.....Methuen

LYDE, L. W., M.A., F.R.G.S.—A Geography of the British Empire, 1/- net.....A. & C. Black

[*This book is the outcome of much experience, thought, and criticism. It is clear, and appears to be all-embracing—even lobster-canning is touched upon—such a work cannot fail to be valuable.*]

OUDIN, M.A., M.S.—Standard Polyphase Apparatus and Systems Sampson Low

[*An excellent volume giving full information on the characteristics and uses of the various types of polyphase apparatus. Countless diagrams and tables are included. The several polyphase systems are also thoroughly treated of here.*]

PALMER, F. U.—One Year of Sunday School Lessons for Young Children, 4/6 .....Macmillan

[*Miss Palmer has written and compiled a most useful and suggestive manual for parents and teachers. The lessons will appeal to all children; while the numerous illustrations, many from old masters, and the hymns with their musical settings will make the book loved as well as needed.*]

RUSKIN, JOHN—Giotto, and his Work in Padua, 7/6 net.....Allen

SMART, W., LL.D.—Taxation of Land Values and The Single Tax MacLehose

[*It must be heartening to the uninitiated to have treatises on political economy put before them in as interesting a manner as a third of the fiction of the day. Professor Smart has succeeded in doing this, and in addition to his book's value as a contribution to economic science (a value its author does not claim for it), it should have a good run at the libraries.*]

NEW EDITION.

ISOCRATES—De Bigis, edited by W. J. Woodhouse, M.A., 2/6 Univ. Tutorial Press

[*In this book, which is set for the Intermediate Examination (1901), of the Cape of Good Hope University, a short but lucid introduction is a notable feature. This is the only edition with English notes.*]

MISCELLANEOUS.

APOLLO.—Ideal Physical Culture, 2/6 .....Greening

[*A book of information respecting muscular development, giving also, sensible advice on the subject of general health and strength. The illustrated results of Apollo's treatment are quite Grecian in their correctness.*]

BETHAM-EDWARDS, M.—Anglo-French Reminiscences, 1875-99, 7/6 Chapman

CANDEE, HELEN C.—How Women may Earn a Living, 4/6 Macmillan

[*A practical book dealing with many sides of the absorbing question of woman's work. Some of the fresh fields written of are more suited to American than to English women perhaps, but it is well to know their geography even if one cannot enter them.*]

DURHAM, Bishop of—The Obligations of Empire, 3d. net..Macmillan

[*Sensible words from a man who loves peace.*]

The Elf, No. 2.

[*A very precious production. Intense care and thought betray themselves on every page.*]

FLETCHER, J. S.—A Picturesque History of Yorkshire, Part X., 1/- net .....Dent

[*In this number Mr. Fletcher deals, amongst other spots, with Knaresborough, Harrogate, Beverley, and the Valley of the Nidd. The illustrations are characteristic and charming.*]

HARDY, E. J.—Mr. Thomas Atkins, 6/- ..... Unwin

JOHNSTON, W. and A. K.—Special Map of South Africa, 1/-.Johnston

[*An excellent map; clear and instructive.*]

LUCAS, J. J. S.—Nordrach at Home, 1/- .....Arrowsmith

[*A small book telling in a simple manner the best means of adapting the ordinary home and home-life to the needs, and for the benefit, of consumptives.*]

MICHELL, E. B.—The Art and Practice of Hawking, 10/6 .. Methuen

[*A most comprehensive volume on this neglected art. Nothing has been forgotten, and the author has treated every side of his subject with a clearness and care denoting an immense amount of labour and a real love of the ancient and honourable sport.*]

PEACOCK, WADHAM.—The Story of the Inter-University Boat Race, 2/-.....Richards

[*An account of the several Oxford and Cambridge boat races from the foundation of the event in 1829, with names and weights of the successive crews. It is intended to issue this volume yearly should the demand justify such a course.*]

REDDIE, CECIL.—Abbotsholme, 10/6 net.....Allen

[*This is, practically, a history of Abbotsholme, the "New" school, which stands near Rochester, Derbyshire. Much has been said, written, and thought in many countries about this Pioneer School, and in this volume its start, its methods, its development are thoroughly and sincerely told and discussed. A somewhat unique book is the outcome.*]

Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam Concordance, 8/6 net .....Macmillan

SECCOMBE, T.—The Age of Johnson, 3/6.....Bell

SYMONS, ARTHUR.—The Symbolist Movement in Literature Heinemann

The Literary Year Book, edited by Herbert Morrah, 3/6.....Allen

[*This volume is a great improvement upon previous issues, but is still lacking in the something that would render it an invaluable book. The space given to reviews of the year's literature is wasted and the lists of books published during the year inadequate.*]

TRAILL, H. D.—The New Lucian, 6/-.....Chapman

WALISZEWSKI, K.—A History of Russian Literature, 6/- Heinemann

Who's Who at the War, 6d. net .....A. & C. Black

[*A useful and timely directory, giving short biographical accounts of officers, etc., also lists of killed, wounded, and regiments at the front.*]

NEW EDITIONS.

KEITH, G. S.—Plea for a Simpler Life, 3/6.....A. & C. Black

[*The present volume combines Dr. Keith's two well-known works, "Plea for a Simpler Life" and "Fads of an Old Physician." The steady demand for these works should be their best criticism. The diet here so strongly advised seems rather conspicuous by its absence, but the results have been happy.*]

SPENCER, E.—Cakes and Ale, 2/-.....Richards

[*A cheap edition of this bright and popular "food-book."*]

BOOKS WANTED.

[Lists of Books Wanted have occasionally to be omitted owing to the senders' names and addresses not being attached.]

ANDERSON AND SON, DUMFRIES.

Japp's Three Great Teachers.
Duncan (Rev. Dr. Henry), Stories:
Cottage Fireside.
South Country Weaver.
Tales of Scottish Peasantry.
Bulmer's Pilgrims of the Rhine.
Richardson's Clarissa (c.e.).
Russia (Story of Nations Series).
Carey (Men Worth Remembering Series).
Richard Carvel, by S. W. Churchill.
Bogg's Borderland, complete edition, 2,000 miles, 4to.
Presentation books, large 8vo, with illustrations.
S. C. Hall's Book of Memories, and any similar books clean for re-binding.

EDWARD BAKER, 14, JOHN BRIGHT STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

Roadster's Album, 1845, 25s. offered.
Assurance Magazine, vols. 1-13, 25s. offered.
Poems by Melanter, 1854, 10s. offered.
Cook's Foxhunting, 1826, 20s. offered.
Freeman's Hist. Geography, 2 vols., 18s. offered.
Whistler's Gentle Art, 5s. offered.
2,000 books wanted, fancy prices given, list free.

CROWTHER & GOODMAN, 133, FENCHURCH STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Thorpe's Dictionary of Applied Chemistry, vol. 1, 1900 ed.
Watts' Dictionary of Chemistry, vol. 4. Must be previous to the 1898 edition.

T. S. HYSON, NEW BRIGHTON, COTTINGLEY, NEAR BINGLEY, YORKS.

T. Bradley, Yorkshire Anglers' Guide, cloth, 1st ed.
Works on Ducks and Poultry.
Works on Angling, any.
Works on Grapes, any.
Works on Tomatoes, any.
Cuthill on Potato.
Works on Vine Culture, etc.
Reference Catalogue of Current Literature, any Whitaker.
R. Caldicott's Works, any.
London Catalogues, W. and R. Bentley's.
British Catalogues, any.
English Catalogues, any.

H. PERCIVAL ROSSITER, 9, ELM PLACE, BATH.

Vale Press books:
Queen of the Fishes.
Daphnis and Chloe.
Kelmscott Press books:
Story of Glittering Plain.
King Florus and Jehane.
Biblia Innocentium.
Laudes Beatæ Marie Virginis.

W. H. SMITH, DEWSBURY.

Dr. Hyde Clark's English Dictionary.

C. A. STREICHER, CHURCH STREET, YORK.

Hazlitt's Gleanings, old Garden Literature.
Fowler's Concerning Isabel Carnaby.
Shorter's Charlotte Bronte and Her Circle.
Dent's Temple Classics edition.
Punch, a complete set.
Book Prices Current.
Book Sales, 1898-9.
Treasury of David, vol. 7.

J. W. THOMPSON, 45, PASTURE STREET, GRIMSBY.

Green's Vicissitudes of a Soldier's Life.
Forester's Fair Women.
Corelli's Sorrows of Satan, Ardath, Lilith, Romance of Two Worlds, and Vendetta.
Tennyson's Poems, Moxon, 1833.
Dawkin's Cave Hunting, 1874.
Thackeray's Irish Sketch Book, 2 vols., 1843.

GEORGE WESTELL, 18, VALMAR ROAD, DENMARK HILL, LONDON, S.E.

Murray's Guide to Japan, 1884.
Eton, report books and prints.
The Perfumed Garden.
Euphranor, a dialogue on Youth.
Polonius, or Wise Saws, etc.
Old Plays, Tracts, etc., any vols.
Pamphlets, Trials, odd vols.
Miss Coote's Confession.
Any Works on Phallicism.
Old Theatrical Works.

BOOKS FOR SALE.

EDWARD BAKER, 14, JOHN BRIGHT STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

Ruskin's Modern Painters, 6 vols., half calf extra, by Riviere, £4 4s.
Studio Magazine, fine complete set to January, 1900, 18 vols. pub. cloth, £10 10s.
The Temple Edition Scott's novels, 48 vols., lamb skin, as new, a bargain, £4 10s. (Dent), 1899.
Omar Khayyam Villon Society, £2 2s.

T. S. HYSON, NEW BRIGHTON COTTINGLEY, NEAR BINGLEY, YORKS.

Strand vols. or parts.
Century vols.

J. W. THOMPSON, 45, PASTURE STREET, GRIMSBY.

Napier's The Peninsular War, 3 vols., cloth gilt, 5s.
Russell's The War (Crimean War), 2 vols., with portrait, 3s. 6d.
Illustrated London News, 1852-58, 12 vols., orig. pictorial cloth, with all the extra supplements, etc., 20s.
Shrewsbury, by Stanley Weyman, 1st edit., 5s. 6d.
Quest of the Golden Girl, 1st edit., 5s. 6d.
Jude the Obscure, 1st edit., 6s. 6d.
Cobbett's Twopenny Trash, 4s.
Christian Adventures in South Africa, by Rev. Wm. Taylor, illus., 2s. 6d.
Barrow's (Isaac, D.D.) Theological Works, 6 vols. with portrait, 5s.
Rollin's Ancient History, 6 vols., 5s.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books, in order of demand, as sold between February 15th and March 15th, 1900:—

BIRMINGHAM.

Stevenson's (R. L.) Letters. 2 vols. 25s. net.
Hobson: War in South Africa. 7s. 6d. net. (Nisbet.)
Lyttleton: Laws of Sex. 2s. 6d. net.
Steevens: From Capetown to Ladysmith. 3s. 6d. (Blackwood.)
Bonner (Henry): Sermons and Lectures. 5s. net.
Jekyll: Home and Garden. 10s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)

LONDON, E.C.

Jekyll: Home and Garden. 10s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)
Steevens: Capetown to Ladysmith. 3s. 6d. (Blackwood.)
Gore: Romans. Vol. II. 3s. 6d. (Murray.)
Adderley: St. James. 2s. 6d. Wells Gardner.
Hobson: South Africa of To-Day. 7s. 6d. net. (Nisbet.)
Hall: Confirmation. 5s. (Longmans.)

LONDON, W.C.

Steevens: From Capetown to Ladysmith. 3s. 6d. (Blackwood.)
Hobson: War in South Africa 7s. 6d. net. (Nisbet.)
Borrow: Lavengro. New ed. 6s. (Murray.)
Tolstoi: Resurrection. 6s. net. (Henderson.)
Pearson: Grammar of Science. 7s. 6d. net. (Black.)
Kipling: From Sea to Sea. 2 vols. 12s. (Macmillan.)

MANCHESTER.

Bryce: Impressions of South Africa. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Younghusband: South Africa of To-Day. 6s. (Longmans.)
Newbigging: Personal Experiences in South Africa.
Hobson: South Africa. (Nisbet.)
Boothby: A Maker of Nations. (Ward, Lock.)
Ouida: Waters of Edera. (Fisher Unwin.)
Baden-Powell: Aids to Scouting.

BURNLEY.

Hobson: The War in South Africa. 7s. 6d. net. (Nisbet.)
Jekyll: Home and Garden. 10s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)
Forward: All About Income Tax. 1s. (Ward, Lock.)
Spielmann: John Ruskin. 5s. (Cassell.)
Bryce: Impressions of South Africa. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Swan: A Son of Erin. 5s. (Hutchinson.)

LEEDS.

Steevens: From Capetown to Ladysmith. 3s. 6d. (Blackwood.)
Hobson: War in South Africa. 7s. 6d. net. (Nisbet.)
Francis: Yeoman Fleetwood. 6s. (Longmans.)
Ouida: Waters of Edera. 6s. (Fisher Unwin.)
Newbolt: Words of Exhortation. 6s. (Longmans.)

BRIGHTON.

Life of Duchess of Teck. 2 vols. 32s. (Murray.)
Lord Roberts: Forty-one Years in India. 10s. net. (Macmillan.)
Mary Cholmondeley: Red Pottage. 6s. (Arnold.)
Mrs. Earle: More Pot-Pourri from a Surrey Garden. 7s. 6d. (Smith, Elder.)
Ruskin's Works. (Allen.)
War publications.

CAMBRIDGE.

Kipling: From Sea to Sea. 2 vols. 12s. (Macmillan.)
Steevens: From Capetown to Ladysmith. 3s. 6d. (Blackwood.)
Various Volumes of the New Century Library. 2s. 6d. net edition. (Nelson.)
Church Past and Present. Ed. by Gwatkin. 7s. 6d. net. (Nisbet.)
Sterne. 2 vols. 7s. 6d. net. (Macmillan).
Kipling: Early Verse and Stalky & Co. 2 vols. 10s. 6d. net each. (Macmillan.)

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

Steevens: From Capetown to Ladysmith. 3s. 6d. (Blackwood.)
Mason and Lang: Parson Kelly 6s. (Longmans.)
Francis: Yeoman Fleetwood. 6s (Longmans.)
Boothby: A Maker of Nations. 5s. (Ward Lock.)
Fitchett: How England Saved Europe. 3 vols. 6s. each. (Smith & Elder.)
Kipling's books (all).
Books on South Africa generally, and good demand for.

SUNDERLAND.

Steevens: From Capetown to Ladysmith. 3s. 6d. (Blackwood.)
Mary Cholmondeley: Red Pottage. 6s. (Arnold.)
New Series of English Classics. 3s 6d. (Macmillan.)
Winston Churchill: Richard Carvel. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Fitchett: How England Saved Europe. 18s. (Smith, Elder.)
Lent Manuals. Various.

ABERDEEN.

Borrow: Lavengro. 6s. (Murray.)
Steevens: Capetown to Ladysmith. 3s. 6d. (Blackwood.)
Mair: Speaking. 3s. (Blackwood.)
MacLean Watt: God's Altar Stairs. (Aberdeen University Press.)
Captain Gronow's Reminiscences and Recollections. 2 vols. 12s. net. (Nimmo.)
Sterne's Works. 2 vols. English Classics. 3s. 6d. each. (Macmillan.)

GLASGOW.

Kipling: From Sea to Sea. 2 vols. 12s. (Macmillan.)
Steevens: From Capetown to Ladysmith. 3s. 6d. (Blackwood.)
New Century Library. Dickens and Thackeray. 2s. and 2s. 6d. (Nelson.)
Professor Henry Drummond's Life. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
Hugh M. Matheson's Life. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
Jesus the Carpenter. Illustrated. 6s. (Nelson.)

DUBLIN (1).

Mulholland: Onora. 3s. 6d. (Richards.)
Francis: Yeoman Fleetwood. 6s. (Longman.)
Dunne: Mr. Dooley. 3s. 6d. (Richards.)
Buchanan: Father Anthony. 3s. 6d. (Long.)
Rostand: Cyrano de Bergerac. 1s. 6d. (Heinemann.)
Bolo: The Tragedy of Calvary. 2s. 6d. (Kegan Paul.)

DUBLIN (2).

Kipling: From Sea to Sea. 2 vols. 12s. (Macmillan.)
Steevens: From Capetown to Ladysmith. 3s. 6d. (Blackwood.)
Maurice: The Franco-German War. 21s. (Sonnenschein.)
Rostand: Cyrano de Bergerac.
Kisbey: Law of Bankruptcy in Ireland. 21s. net. (Hodges, Figgis & Co.)
Clancy: How to Buy Your House on the Instalment Plan. 6s. (Hodges, Figgis & Co.)

We guarantee the authenticity of the above lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

TYPEWRITING. — MSS., Legal and Scientific Documents, Plays, etc., promptly typewritten. Newest machinery. Usual Terms.—L. Mills, 32, Cauldwell Street, Bedford.

MARY CHOLMONDELEY.